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Sales, Mrs. Gower-street
Salwey, John, Esq. Upper Berkley-street
St. Albin, Mrs. Sackville-street
St. Quentin, Richard, Esq. Hans-place
Sargeaunt, Mrs. Gower street
Sayer, Mrs. Queen-square, Bloomsbury
Scarman, Tho. Esq. George-st. Hanover-sq.
Schutz, (the late) F. Esq.
Scott, Mrs. D. Upper Harley-street
Scott, Mrs. Devonshire-street
Scott, Mrs. Twickenham
Searle, Miss M. C. Guilford-street
Shepherd, Miss, Lamb's Conduit-place
Shipman, Mrs. Berners-street
Shone, Mrs. Guilford-place
Shuttleworth, Mrs. Devonshire-place
Sibbald, James, Esq. Upper Harley-street
Sibbald, George, Esq. Northumberland-street
Siddons, Mrs. Great Marlbro'-street
Skring, Mrs. Gloucester-place, New-road
Sleigh, Mrs. Whitehall
Sloper, Mrs. South Audley-street
Smart, John, Esq. Russel-place, Fitzroy-sq.
Smith, George, Esq. Saville-row
Smith, James, Esq. Gower-street
Smith, D. Esq. Lower, Grosvenor-street
Smith, Mrs. ditto
Smith, Miss, Portman-square
Smith, Mrs. S. Bulstrode-street
Snell, Nathaniel, Esq. Upper Berkley-street

Sneyd, Mrs. Arlington-street
Sober, Samuel, Esq. Baker-street
Southwell, Mrs. Blandford-street
Speke, Mrs. Oxford-street
Spooner, Mrs. Grosvenor-place
Stafford, Mrs. Hill-street, Berkley-square
Standert, Mrs. O. Gt. James-str. Bedford-row
Stephens, Mrs. S. Margaret-str. Cavendish-sq.
Stephenson, Mrs. Queen-square, Bloomsbury
Stepney, Thomas, Esq. Reddish's-Hotel
Steward, G. T. Esq. M. P.
Steward, Mrs. Boulton-street
Streatfield, Mrs. Berkley-square
Stuart, Mrs. Baker-street
Sutherland, H. Esq. Park-str. Grosvenor-sq.
Swan, Mr. J. Parliament-street
Sykes, James, Esq. Arundel-street, Strand

T

Townshend, the Most Noble the Marquis
Titchfield, the Most Noble the Marchioness of
Templetown, the Right Hon. Lady
Trimlestown, the Right Hon. Lady
Tracy, the Hon. Mrs.
Taylor, Lady, Cumberland-place
Tibbs, Lady, Clapham
Tottenham, Colonel, Berners-street
Tahourdin, Mrs. Argyle-street
Tatton, (the late) Wm. Esq. M. P.
Taylor, Capt. B. Bruton-street
Taylor, Mrs. Portland-place
Taylor, Mrs. Russel-place, Fitzroy-square

Thirkhill, Mrs. Great James-str. Bedford-row
Thomas, David, Esq. Spring-gardens
Thompson, Rich. Esq. Grosvenor-square
Thompson, Mrs. Nottingham-place
Thornhill, Thomas, Esq. Berkley-square
Thoroton, T. Esq. Margaret-str. Cavendish-sq.
Thurlow, Miss, St. James'-square
Tilson, Mrs. F. John street, Berkley-square
Tippett, Mrs. Baker-street
Tonyn, Miss Amelia, Park-str. Grosvenor-sq.
Todd, Mrs. Dean-street, Soho
Townley, John, Esq. Devonshire-place
Treen, Mrs. Newton, Alsop's-buildings
Trip, Wm. Esq. Weymouth-street
Turbutt, George, Esq. Lansdown-place
Turner, Mrs. Beaumont-street
Turner, Mrs. Southampton-street, Bloomsbury
Tyrel, Miss, Park-street

V and U

Vernon, the Right Hon. Lord
Villiers, the Right Hon. John Chas. M. P.
Vane, the Hon. Mrs.
Vassell, Mrs. Spencer, Baker-street
Vavasour, Mrs. Lower Berkley-street
Vere, Mrs. Berkley-square
Vochez, John, Esq. Baker-street
Udney, Mrs. Duke-street, Westminster

W

Worcester, the Most Noble the Marchioness of
Waldegrave, the Right Hon. the Countess of

Walpole, the Right Hon. Lord
Walpole, the Right Hon. Lady
Welderen, Count, Saville-row
Wallop, the Hon. Coulson, M. P
Wingfield, the Hon. Mrs.
Webb, Sir Thomas, Bart.
Wray, Sir Cecil, Bart.
Wynne, Lady Williams, Upper Brook-street
Williamson, (the late) Sir Adam, K. B.
Whyte, General and Mrs.
Waite, J. Esq. Old Burlington-street
Walker, Mrs. Stanhope-street
Wallace, Lieutenant James, R. N.
Wallace, Mrs. Golden-square
Wallis, Mrs. Devonshire-street
Walpole, Mrs. R. Gower-street
Ward, the Rev. R. Portman-street
Warner, Mrs. Devonshire-place
Warren, Mrs. Great George-street, Westm.
Watson, Mrs. Great George-street, Westm.
Watson, David, Esq. Argyll-street
Waterhouse, Mrs. Southampton-terrace
Webb, Richard, Esq. }
Webb, Miss, } Dover-street
Webb, Mrs. Orchard-street, Portman-square
Weir, Mrs. Devonshire-place
West, John, Esq. Upper Harley-street
Wheler, Mrs. Edward, }
Wheler, John, Esq. } Park-lane
Whetham, Mrs. Grafton-street, Berkley-square
White, Wm. Esq. Curzon-street

White, Mrs. A. Lower Brook-street
White, Mrs. Wimpole-street
Whitshed, Capt. H. Gloucester-place
Wigglesworth, Mrs. Manchester-street
Wild, Samuel, Esq. Gloucester-place
Wilkinson, Mrs. Somerset-street
Willett, John, Esq. Grosvenor-square
Willett, Mrs. Dean-street, Soho
Williams, Nicholas, Esq. Grosvenor-square
Williams, Mrs. Russel place, Fitzroy-square
Williams, Mrs. New Norfolk-street
Wills, Mrs. Devonshire-street
Wilson, Richard, Esq. M. P.
Wilson, Mrs. Sloane-street
Wishart, Mrs. Beaumont-street
Wodehouse, John, Esq. M. P.
Woodford, Mrs. Queen Ann-street, West
Wood, George, Esq. Gower-street
Wright, Major, Upper Grafton-str. Fitzroy-sq.
Wright, Henry, Esq. Edgware-road
Wrighte, Miss Upper Brook-street
Wybrow, Mrs. Queen-street, May-fair
Wynne, Miss, Upper Baker-street

Y

Yarborough, the Right Hon. Lord
Yorke, the Hon. Mrs. Dover-street
Young, Sir Wm. Bart. M. P.

PREFACE.

THE Author of the subsequent pages, conscious that he possesses very few recommendations to the *critical* approbation of his readers, anxiously embraces this opportunity, of previously intimating some account, both of the Work, and the motive which induced him to quit the humble sphere of private life, for the meed of public favour.

Yet he cannot suffer himself to proceed, without first attempting to express the gratitude he must ever feel,

for the very liberal and extensive support his subscribers have afforded him, and for which, he entreats they will accept this unfeigned, though imperfect tribute of acknowledgment, thus publicly expressed, in return for the obligations they have so kindly conferred.

And although his subscribers are already acquainted with his motive for soliciting *their* attention, he thinks it necessary, as an apology for the mediocrity of his performance, to inform the reader who may not be of that number, that having received as the last sacred bequest of his dying father, a most solemn injunction to be sedulously attentive to the happiness of his remaining parent, he has ever considered it, though an incumbent, yet pleasing duty, to be observant of, and religiously perform the promise

mise he then made, of strictly adhering to this last expiring command.

Since that period (seven years) many circumstances of an unfortunate nature have taken place in the author's affairs, which for a time interrupted, and at last entirely left him without the means of continuing that support to one, who from the first moment of her becoming a parent, to the present, has distinguished herself by the most affectionate solitudes, the most unwearied attention, and the most devoted care, to the welfare and happiness of her family, that a mother could possibly feel, or perform, or children desire to know themselves the objects of: nor in any other department of life, (though amidst the most trying situations) has she ever been neglectful of its correspondent duties. For such a parent, so circum-

b 2

stanced,

stanced, the author is confident his subscribers, and his readers will readily agree with him, he could not have remained inactive without subjecting himself to the imputation of ingratitude; and that all his acknowledgments—all his most strenuous efforts to cheer the last moments of her existence, are but very inadequate returns, for years of such unbounded tenderness.

Thus situated, a friend suggested to the author, that a literary performance (to be published by subscription) would be the most likely method of acquiring the means to make some provision for this beloved parent, and to afford assistance to other relatives dear to his affections.

This mode was at last adopted, though not until it had undergone much discussion, as applications were

neces-

necessary to be made, not quite congenial with the author's feelings, yet objection vanished before the animating hope of being able to render comfortable, the declining life of this justly venerated parent.

Assistance cheerfully granted, and urbanity inspiring confidence, have attended, and rendered the task not entirely destitute of pleasure ; for the author has experienced attentions, he certainly could make no pretensions to, and which could only have arisen from consideration of the undertaking he was engaged in : attentions, he is proud to declare, he shall ever recollect with pleasure, and appreciate to the latest moment of existence.

And here, though so largely indebted as the writer must ever acknowledge himself to *all*, for their favours ; and to those in particular

of high rank, from whom he has received very polite and flattering testimonials of approbation; yet he cannot deny himself the satisfaction of expressing in an especial degree, the obligations he has received from the relatives of *one noble family*, more truly dignified by their exalted virtues, than the splendor of their *titles*.

Nor can he pass over in silence, the assistance and support he has so liberally received from the amiable condescension of *Mrs. Crespigny*; whose polite attentions, and suavity of disposition, first led him to entertain hopes, which have since been realized: and to whose generous encouragement he is indebted for every subsequent advantage.—For considering his performance of too trivial a nature to merit the distinguished patronage he has since obtained; it was his first intention

tention to have submitted it to the public, unrecommended by the influence of a name which has since so successfully borne him through all difficulties, and raised him into notice and respect; but encouraged by the commendations of that lady, to hope for this additional obligation, to favours before infinite; he requested a permission, which was instantly granted; and thus, by the encouragement of the one, and the patronage of the other, he has been enabled to effect the first, and most anxious object of his wishes, a provision for his parent.

The author having thus candidly acknowledged the reason for his obtruding upon the attention of the public, a performance so little calculated otherwise to excite notice, he trusts more to their generosity, than to their judgment, for a decision favourable to his temerity.

For the following work boasts neither the brilliancy of wit, nor the splendour of diction that fascinates in many similar productions; neither the interest which rivets attention; nor those surprising incidents, which keep the imagination continually on the watch, for something preternatural.

With this paucity of abilities, and mediocrity of performance, if the good-natured reader will extend his indulgence to the recital of a domestic undecorated tale, the author can promise, nothing will be found offensive either to decency, morality, or religion: no sophistical infidelity to mislead the understanding, which without its being immediately noticed, acts with double force, and poisons and depraves by its subtilty, the very source of every exalted virtue.

And

And if, without abjectly courting the favour, or arrogantly condemning the censure of Reviewers, the author may be permitted to submit his work, with all its imperfections, to their critical tribunal, he begs they will keep in mind, that the peculiar situations in which he has been placed, and not his *vanity*, led him to commence author, and suffer the *motive* to sanctify the *deed*: for though influenced, only in the first instance, by the imperative duties he has here particularised; yet he will candidly acknowledge he now entertains the hope, that his endeavours to divest the mind of weak prejudices, through the medium of so popular an amusement as a novel, will be considered as a laudable attempt, however feebly executed; and if on a perusal, his performance should be found not totally beneath criticism, he

he hopes to receive instruction, which may on some future occasion, enable him to correct his errors, improve his judgment, and enlarge his comprehension.

But to conclude—should the author be so fortunate as to meet with readers of the description *Sterne*, without needing the indulgence, wished for, when he says, “ I would go fifty miles on foot, to kiss the hand of that mortal, whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author’s hands, be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore !”—He begs they will believe him sincere, when he declares himself their, and his subscribers,

Most grateful

And very obedient

Humble Servant,

JOSEPH WILDMAN.

West-Street, Sobo,

Aug. 12, 1799.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE
READER.

THE Author cannot suffer the present opportunity to escape him, without endeavouring to apologize for the many glaring imperfections his readers will meet with in the following performance.

But when he reminds them, that *imperious necessity* first obliged him to have recourse to the publication of a Novel by Subscription, and that he was not then aware of the length of time such a mode of application must unavoidably consume, he hopes it will be some apology for the defective execution of his performance: particularly as owing to so much time having been taken up in soliciting subscriptions, the period first fixed for the appearance of the Work was nearly arrived without its being scarcely began, and he was consequently urged by the necessity of fulfilling his engagement with his subscribers, to commit it to the press, in the hasty, unfinished, and unconnected state in which he was able to write it, after the fatigues, disappointments, and embarrassments of the day, had unfitted him for a task, which Honour and Gratitude would otherwise have equally stimulated him to have executed in a manner more worthy the distinguished patronage with which he has been honoured.

Wrote thus at intervals—mostly in the night—and by a man too, labouring under the pressure of imminent misfortunes—sent to the printer's immediately—and worked off as soon as the press was set; no opportunity remained for any alteration of an indigested plan, for correction or emendation, when inaccuracies forced themselves upon his attention; and he has now no alternative but either thus to attempt to soften the rigors of criticism, or to let the imperfections alluded to, pass as the implied consequence of his utter incapacity to have produced any thing less imperfect.

19th Dec. 1799.

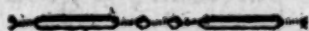
ERRATA. VOL. I.

Page	Line
57	— 4 penult, <i>dele</i> "were" <i>before</i> "the habits."
107	— 12 <i>for</i> "and a young" <i>read</i> "and on the other a young."
128	— 10 <i>for</i> "become" <i>read</i> "became."
129	— 7 penult, <i>for</i> "bad" <i>read</i> "bade."
135	— 5 penult, <i>for</i> "endanger" <i>read</i> "endangered."
167	— 7 penult, <i>for</i> "alter" <i>read</i> "altar."
201	— 2 <i>for</i> "raise" <i>read</i> "arise."
240	— 4 <i>for</i> "eye" <i>read</i> "one."
243	— 2 penult, <i>for</i> "may" <i>read</i> "might."

For the several *literal* errors which escaped the attention of the person who corrected the proofs of the 1st. Volume, the Author entreats the indulgence of his Readers, and requests them to have the goodness to attribute such inaccuracies to his absence from town at that time.



THE
FORCE OF PREJUDICE.



CHAPTER I.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man."—

SHAKESPEARE.

ERASMUS Inglebert, the father of our hero, was one of those characters, whom mankind in general are more inclined to consider the child of fiction, than the offspring of nature : and who if sometimes met

with in real life, are much oftener discountenanced by the sneer of ridicule, and the repartee of wit, as over-virtuous, assumed, and unnatural ; than encouraged by plaudits, and commendations, to persevere "for the prize of our high calling."

This Erasmus, was the son of a gentleman farmer, who possessing a good patrimonial estate, had greatly increased it by' his own industry, and cultivation : and being desirous that his son should make a figure in life, or to use the old gentleman's own phrase, "be equal to the best of them"—had sent him very early to a neighbouring grammar school, where young Inglebert's extreme thirst for knowledge, and incessant application to study, excited the wonder, and procured him the attention, not only of the master and assistants, but that of almost every youthful competitor. For his disposition was so gentle, and his manners so affable, that few could converse with this extraordinary boy,

boy, even at the early age of ten years, without being prepossessed in his favor, and loving the amiable qualities of his heart.

Here he gave the first promise of that high reputation for probity, and attachment to the sacred writers, which afterwards so greatly distinguished him through life. For in all his exercises, he blended the spirit of theology, with the abstruse inquiries of the philosopher, and the excursive imagination of the poet. And to a mind glowing with philanthropy to man, and piety to the Supreme Being; he joined a steady, inquisitive, persevering spirit, which encountered, and surmounted every difficulty science presented, and led him forward to the attainment of every advantage, and every honor, academic institutions had to bestow.

Even at this early period of life, so greatly was he esteemed by all who knew him, for the rectitude of his conduct,—his firm tem-

perate judgment, and persuasive manners ; that he was generally applied to upon any difference of opinion among his youthful companions, and grew into such high repute, that at last, by the unanimous desire of the whole school, he was appointed their general umpire ; and from his decision none ventured to appeal :—for all knew the inflexible integrity of his disposition too well, to suppose him biased by any other motive than a strict adherence to truth and impartiality :—and so great did his reputation for justice become in the neighbourhood, that he acquired, first at school, and afterward generally, the name of Aristides ; by which appellation he continued to be much better known, until he went to the university, than by his common one of Inglebert.

His religion being drawn from the precepts of its Great Author, was, what it should be—simple, pure, mild, cheerful, animated, and impressive,—his feelings, flowing from
the

the same benignant source, were quick, generous, charitable, and humane: with a heart ever disposed and ready to love, to cherish, to sympathise in all the joys, and all the sorrows of his virtuous fellow mortal; he had a tear, and a prayer, even for the unhappy sinner

Such was Erasmus Inglebert the father, when he left the grammar school of ——— for the university of Cambridge.

But even previous to this last event taking place, he had greatly distinguished himself in polemics,—metaphysics,—and politics,—the last breathing an ardent love for liberty, purified from licentiousness; with the most unqualified disapprobation of tyranny, from the absolute monarch of a kingdom, whose caprice, or ambition, involves millions in ruin and destruction: to the petty tyrant of a plantation, whose unfeeling heart can inflict torture on the parent, and death (the

most merciful of the two) on the child, because—Oh shame to civilized Europe!—because,—nature has given them a darker skin; and European governments allow them to become the absolute property of many, who are destitute of even the common feelings of humanity.

His first attempt was a treatise in refutation of the celebrated Mr. Hume's attack on the miracles of Christ, which was not more admired for the calmness, moderation, and solidity of its reasoning;—than the extent of its inquiry—the universal acquaintance it displayed with the writings of the first fathers of the church, and the beauties of its language as a composition.—He also had produced a collection of essays in Ethics—a volume of poetical pieces—and was the author of a pamphlet in favor of the liberties of the brave, but unfortunate Corsicans, before Paoli was compelled to give up the struggle in despair, overborne by numbers, and unsupported

supported by those free states, to whom he looked for succour.

These productions raised him into deserved esteem, as a literary character, to whom the world looked forward for future exertions of no inconsiderable promise.—Nor were these hopes disappointed; for in a variety of subsequent productions, he not only maintained, but greatly increased his literary reputation, leaving at his death, a character as highly esteemed for profound and elegant writings, as for moral sanctity; and in this last view of him he had very few superiors; would to God! he had more equals.

His first collegiate performance is entitled to particular notice here, on two accounts; first—as it raised him into greater esteem with the heads of the university, as an orator and logician, and obtained him the prize medal.—And secondly—as it was productive of an event which ultimately altered the whole arrangement

arrangement of his plans, and gave birth to these memoirs.

His scheme of life was humble, though independent; for he had raised his expectations no higher than a curacy, in addition to what his father had promised to put him into immediate possession of, whenever he should be inclined to alter his situation by marriage; and which, with the profits of his literary labours, he contemplated as more than sufficient for every real purpose of life, with somewhat left to answer the demands of his less fortunate brethren, to whose wants he had a heart as expanded, as human misery could desire, or benevolence warm; and the only thing which occasioned him a sorrow, was his inability to relieve, and extricate from want, every son and daughter of affliction.

Among the visitors who attended this public exhibition, was the Honorable Miss Orlington,

Orlington, daughter of the late, and sister to the present lord, of that name and title.

This lady, then only in her eighteenth year, was distinguished for the winning softness of her disposition,—the beauty of her person,—the delicacy of her sentiments,—the unbounded benevolence which characterized every thought and action of her life;—and an extreme partiality to works of science. This latter characteristic had brought her acquainted with the works of Erasmus; of whose fame she heard continual mention.—She had read his several productions with repeated pleasure; particularly his poetical pieces—and before she had any personal acquaintance with the man, or inquired of herself the nature and extent of her sentiments, became extremely prepossessed in his favor, and desirous of seeing so extraordinary a genius, and so accomplished a scholar.

Her

Her brother having a seat in the neighbourhood, at which he then resided, had received an invitation to attend the before-mentioned public exhibition; by which means, Miss Orlington obtained the opportunity of witnessing, the proud display of Inglebert's almost unequalled abilities; and that which was lately little more than admiration, now became little less than love.

For though his personal attractions were but trifling indeed,—yet the graces of his mind,—the harmony of his voice,—the strength of his imagination,—the delicacy of his sentiments,—and the justness of his reasoning, were so successfully exerted, so persuasively employed, and so conspicuously displayed, in illustrating and enforcing the object of his inquiry, that they commanded universal attention and applause:—yet the captivating eloquence in which the whole was delivered, tended not more to his success

cess and triumph, than the modest deportment of his behaviour, which most effectually secured the interest his discourse was calculated to excite; and established his absolute dominion over the passions.—

The subject of this discourse was—“Is
“ THERE ANY GENUINE HAPPINESS TO BE
“ HOPED FOR IN THIS WORLD.”

This inquiry, which includes and embraces every thing interesting to human beings, Inglebert discussed, though with brevity, yet evidently with the abilities of a master, and fully convinced his hearers, that, though young, and without that experience, a long familiar intercourse with men of the world affords the attentive observer, he had considered, and pursued the subject through all its relations and dependencies, as one deeply interested in the result of his own inquiry.—

He

He began by observing, that he should, for the greater facility of application, divide his subject into several distinct considerations ;— and confine himself to the most perspicuous and concise examination of each, that the nature of the inquiry would admit. First then—What is the nature and capacity of that being, who is capable of receiving happiness?—In what does his happiness consist?—In what degree does his own errors and passions obstruct his enjoyments?—How far are these enjoyments promoted, or interrupted by the gratification of sensual objects?—In what degree by the pleasures of imagination, and the exercise of reason?—How far by virtue in general, and especially by benevolence, beneficence, and friendship?—And lastly—of religion, as the main requisite of happiness, and its superiority over all philosophy, to afford support under afflictions, and comfort at the final separation of soul and body.

Afte.

After describing the various faculties,—sensitive perceptions,—liberal endowments,—intellectual superiority,—and relative connection of man :—and shewing what degree of happiness he is capable of enjoying from the beauty, harmony, and structure of the world he inhabits :—he took a more particular survey of the several advantages he derives from *sight*, by which means he beholds all the wonders of the creation,—the glories of the heavens,—and the endless varieties of the earth ;—the order and disposition of all things ;—and the peculiar attraction of feminine beauty.—From *touch*, by which he obtains the objects he desires, removes every thing displeasing or hurtful, and retains whatever delights or affords him pleasure.—From *taste*, by which he gratifies hunger and thirst, by means of ten thousand delicacies the earth, the air, and the sea afford him :—among which he particularly enumerated those delicious fruits, whose rich colours and grateful odour, not only satisfy those two passions,

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but at the same time afford equal gratification to the sight, the touch, and the scent:—from *scent*, by which he receives the balmy fragrance of the breeze that imparts the principles of life and health, fraught with all those rich perfumes with which nature abounds:—from *hearing*, by which he distinguishes the harmony of sounds, the pleasures of conversation, and the reciprocal communication of soul.

He then placed man in society—took a view of his multiplied duties, and his multiplied means of happiness in this situation,—his domestic enjoyments,—the several relations of parent and child,—of brother and sister,—of husband and wife,—of an honest man—a good christian, and a peaceable subject;—and most feelingly described the pleasures arising from tenderness, benevolence, and friendship,—from the cultivation of virtue,—the charm of social life,—and the softer passions. Nor was marriage, as a
means

means of promoting genuine happiness, forgotten in his estimate of good; but enforced with all the enthusiasm of an honest mind, sensible of its importance in all civil institutions, and its ability to ensure the greatest portion of earthly felicity, by uniting the enjoyments of sense, with the finer susceptibilities of the mind.

He then proceeded to shew, the whole disordered and thrown into confusion, by the indulgence of ungoverned passions, inimical to virtue, and consequently destructive of happiness; that errors lead to crimes, crimes to misery, and that the misery we suffer and so loudly complain of, is wholly attributable to our own improper choice, and the inevitable consequence, attached to guilt and disobedience.

He next came to the examination of the pleasures of imagination and reason;—in the discussion of which, he displayed a mind

richly stored with all the treasures of antiquity, and an universal acquaintance with almost every author of acknowledged merit, either ancient or modern, frequently quoting their sentiments, their beauties, and their language, in support of the several opinions he advanced:—and was decidedly of opinion, that the pleasures of imagination, and the exercise of reason, tend in no inconsiderable degree, to increase the enjoyments of life; though virtue and religion are the only effectual securities for our peace, when the storm of adversity arises, and our shattered bark, overwhelmed by the billows of destruction, is just sinking into the gulph of wretchedness, —then indeed will these support us,

Unhurt amidst the war of elements,

The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ADDISON.

For though (continued Inglebert) man appears so well formed for the enjoyment of uninterrupted happiness, from the construction

tion of the world he inhabits, and his peculiar faculties and endowments, yet we find him subject to disease, poverty, sickness, disappointment, and shame; the latter—most frequently the effects of his own evil propensities—and when this is not the case, we are still compelled to behold him the victim of misfortunes, which neither his virtues, nor his situation, exempt him from experiencing.

We will consider this a little more attentively,—we will more closely investigate these calamities of life, which appear so formidable, and see if no consolation is left to the virtuous, more than to the wicked, to support him amidst the trials of affliction, and the distresses incident to humanity. But we will first contemplate the man of virtue, unsupported by the aid of revealed religion, yet possessing the advantages of philosophy: surrounded with every enjoyment as to sense and external situation, that can render life desirable and happy:—he is united to the

woman he most fondly loves,—is the father of a smiling family, who as yet are anxious to obey his very looks :—he is in esteem with all who know him as a man of principle, and on whose integrity and wisdom, his country relies for assistance in the hour of necessity,—his time is divided between his family and the duties of his public station,—he is virtuous, he is happy. But, alas! the scene changes,—the wife of his bosom, the partner of his joys,—the mother of his children,—the solacer of his cares, is suddenly snatched from him by the ruthless hand of death,—he grieves,—yet endeavours, by the lessons of philosophy, to fortify his mind under this severe affliction, and laments in private, the loss he has thus unexpectedly sustained :—it weighs heavy on his heart, for the strong feelings of nature are not to be subdued by the fallacies of philosophy, addressed only to the understanding ;—he seeks the society of his children ;—they only augment his grief, for they remind

remind him of each fond endearment, bestowed by that beloved mother on the offspring of their love,—he returns to solitude and study;—but his mind retains only the image of the object he has lost:—restless and uneasy, he flies to business,—to the duties of his public situation,—and there, finds to his infinite distress, that during his absence, a factious, ambitious rival, has been busy in blasting his character, and endeavouring to supplant him in the favor of his prince;—this adds to his anxieties, and to the tumult of his mind; but the exertions necessary to defend his character, and clear himself from the calumnies of his enemies, draw off his attention in some degree, from his first misfortune, to this still greater one, which involves not only his peace of mind, but his reputation. He now again most poignantly feels the loss of her, whose affectionate solitudes, and disinterested advice, would have soothed,—would have shared,—would have lightened the weight of
this

this last calamity, and enabled him to support the degradations which still await him,—his enemies are triumphant, and he is driven with ignominy from his country and his friends :—hard fate ! Philosophy bids him set at defiance these distresses ; but human infirmities tug at his heart, and will be heard ;—to find himself in so short a time bereft of wife, reputation, fortune, country, friends, and employ :—wandering an exile from his home,—and in disgrace with his prince, requires no trifling degree of fortitude to support. He endeavours to acquire this stoical indifference to the sentiments and opinions of those, who have abandoned him, and in some measure succeeds ;—but, alas ! when will his cup of misery be full ? when shall he again be able to “ bless the Gods for all the good they “ give :”—for before he has quite recovered the blow which deprived him of his wife, his eldest daughter has sunk beneath the loss of her mother, and the afflictions of her father,

father, and is now no more ;—his youngest and most beloved child has become the prey of a brutal ravisher ; and his only boy, in his attempt to rescue his sister, has destroyed, not only the villain who committed the infernal deed, but that beloved sister likewise,—he is seized,—the officers of justice bear him to prison, wild and frantic with despair ;—they prevent him from burying the fatal steel in his own bosom,—and they secure him from the commission of further violence. Alas ! reason forsakes her throne, and leaves the youth happy in insensibility, from the agonizing contemplation of his own misery. The father!—but who shall describe his woe!—childless ! or worse than childless,—his son living, a maniac,—shut out from society !—the murderer, though innocent murderer, of his sister. Shocking idea ! Can philosophy support this ? Oh, no ! it cannot ! In vain are all its delusions to soothe the distracted, disconsolate parent, who has outlived all his happiness,—all his hopes,—
all

all the ties which endeared life to him! He raves!—he calls on death!—see! he falls—Oh! mark him in his last moments!—reason, as if she emitted but with the last spark of life, for a short moment illumines the scene with a sufficient ray to render the whole gloomily awful!—his mind is struggling with doubts,—he looks upwards,—Great God! he cries—what am I,—and from whence? In what unknown region am I next to awake? does annihilation close the curtain of existence, or must I again endure the complicated evils of life? Account! what account? to whom account,—and for what? What then is God? I know not! Can there be another life? how? where?—all is darkness and impenetrable gloom! Farewell ye fleeting shadows! Oh! my son! my son!

The vital spark has quitted its tene-
ment of clay, and winged its flight to the
mansions of eternal rest,—to the presence of
that

that "UNKNOWN GOD,"—whom the Athenians worshipped; and of whom philosophy knows so little. There let it rest, in the humble hope, its ignorance—not wilful—will plead its pardon at the day of judgment.

We will now contemplate the same events happening to a Christain, whose life is governed by the precepts of the gospel. How changed is now the scene!—how different is now the prospect! His first loss, it is true, he feels with all the anguish and sensibility of an husband, tenderly devoted to the beloved partner of his heart;—he looks upon his children bereft of the fostering support of maternal care,—his eyes run over,—he clasps his hands,—he raises them supplicating to the "God of the fatherless,"—and in a pious prayer, commits his children and himself to the all sufficient mercy of him "who never slumbers, nor sleeps:"—he opens the sacred volume of unerring wisdom,—he meditates

meditates on eternal life, and all the bliss his Saviour promises as the recompence of righteousness ;—he takes a retrospective view of the rare virtues that adorned the morn of life of her so late beloved, and is satisfied she is now happier than mortal joys could make her,---he is comforted in the assurance of an hereafter, where the virtuous again meet, never to separate,---and in the firm hope of an happier reunion in the realms of bliss and never-ending felicity, checks all repining discontents, that would question the justice of omnipotence,---and exclaims, I'll yet remember

————— that the parting sigh
Appoints the just to *slumber*, not to die,
The starting tear I check, I kiss the rod,
And not to earth resign her, but to GOD.

The subsequent afflictions of the other, our Christain bears with becoming fortitude, ---feels as a man injured in the tenderest point,—his reputation,—“is troubled on every
every

“ every side, yet not distressed; perplexed,
“ but not in despair; persecuted, but not
“ forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.”
His strong hope is in the God of mercy
and justice, who will not suffer the wicked
to triumph for ever, but has appointed a
day in which he will punish the sinner;—
he therefore resigns himself to the will of the
Almighty, assured, that whatsoever *he* ap-
points must ultimately be for his good. But
the last sad catastrophe! even the christian,
though he struggles hard to rise superior to
the woes which rend his heart, and bows
himself with humble resignation to the
Almighty hand which deals the blow, yet
sinks at last under the weight of those afflic-
tions the heart *must feel*, however fortified
by reason, philosophy, or religion—though
the last alone can yield him comfort and sup-
port under such complicated calamities as
these we have now been contemplating; and in
the time of trial, points his course to a sure
haven of rest, where all his troubles cease:—

Then, in the last solemn hour, the christian's soul collects all her hopes—all her assurances—all her powers;—welcomes death as her deliverer,—looks forward with exultation and with joy, to the happy moment when she shall be released from all her sufferings, and be united to her Divine Redeemer:—firmly exclaiming, *this, is a christian's hope.*—O death, where is now thy sting? O grave, where is now thy victory?

The result then of the whole of this inquiry (continued Inglebert) amounts to this,—there is much good to be enjoyed in life;—there is also much evil to be apprehended. The good is the gift, and was the original intention of our all merciful Creator, and the effects of his infinite wisdom:—the evil is the mediate, or immediate consequence of our deviation from virtue,—of our misplaced desires,—our disordered passions,—our guilty indulgences. And yet, let me ask, in what bosom dwells so profound an apathy, so disgraceful
graceful

graceful an insensibility, as to look around on all the visible beauties of the creation, and all the innocent gratifications providence has allotted us ;—and, because he does not find the whole of these blessings lavished on himself, would question the goodness of the Supreme—deny the evidence of his senses, and the actual existence of happiness upon earth.

For who is there so cheerless and solitary, as never individually to have experienced the fostering support, the anxious solitudes of parental affection, the tenderness of fraternal regard, the reciprocal delights of social intercourse,—the joys of friendship,—the transports of tenderness,—the consciousness of upright intentions,—or the hope of that eternal felicity, promised as the reward of virtue.

And, if there exists not a human creature so miserable, or so depraved, but that at some

period of life, has participated in some, or all of these inestimable enjoyments, let him not say, because they are not the inseparable concomitants of imperfect beings, "there is no happiness to be hoped for in this life,"—rather let him acknowledge, in humble gratitude, that even here, our enjoyments surpass, infinitely surpass our deserts, or our endeavours to merit them: and that permanent and perfect felicity, must be resident—not on earth, but in heaven.

Yet much depends upon the wisdom of our choice; for in the exercise of virtue and religion, all sublunary bliss is to be found;—for virtue and religion imply an acquiescence with the divine will, which acquiescence, must of necessity, when really sincere, include peace of mind, and peace of mind is the perfection of that happiness we can hope for in this life:—but vice is certain misery, and unless repented of, will lead to endless ruin. Let us then "do justly, love mercy, and
"walk

“walk humbly with our God,” and though the scene should even be a series of misfortunes, or change from happiness to misery, we still have the certainty of a better world in view, where no vicissitudes can grieve—no calamities harm us; but where all is peace,—all is joy,—all felicity,—“for there the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest.”

Here Inglebert closed his discourse, which had been attended to with evident satisfaction, and received throughout by all present with reiterated plaudits; but on none made so forcible an impression, as on Miss Orlington; who saw, or supposed she saw, every virtue, and every amiable praise-worthy sentiment he had expressed, clearly depicted on his countenance, as having flowed from the heart; and though previously pre possessed in his favor, from the pleasure his works had afforded her, she had formed no expectation, or particular conception of the animated stile, correct delivery,

and fascinating influence she had now felt the force of, and which are the peculiar characteristics of the *natural* rhetorician, who speaking from the conviction of his judgment, and the feelings of his nature, rises as his subject rises,—glows with admiration at the loveliness of virtue, and becomes indignant at the cupidity of guilt,—expresses all the passions of the soul, with their appropriate and just energy, giving no greater force to each, than what nature dictates to be proper, and which will irresistibly (at least at the moment) make their way to the human heart, however the taste and judgment may have been perverted, or led to a wrong direction, by the solicitations of depraved appetites.

The company separated, and Miss Orington returned to the residence of her brother, with her thoughts entirely engrossed by the orator, and the subject of his discourse.

CHAP. II.

———— in her sweet, expressive face
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd.
No piteous object could she see,
But her soft bosom shar'd the woe ;
Whilst smiles of affability
Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.
Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes ;
Stranger to every female art,
Alike to feign, or to disguise.

SHAW.

SURELY, (thought Miss Orlington, as she reflected on Inglebert's picture of domestic joys) surely, the man who is capable of understanding, and expressing so well the sources

sources of human happiness—who can so justly appreciate the charms of virtue, and the inexpressible delights of friendship,—who places happiness in the performance of our duties, and the exercise of our reason,—who appears to feel every passion before he utters it, and of so amiable a disposition, that his whole frame trembles when he describes the consequent misery the vicious draw upon themselves by their evil practices:—surely, such a man must be a most inestimable friend, and a most pleasing companion.

How delightful, Could I persuade Charles to cultivate the acquaintance of a man, who might so greatly improve his mind in those studies he has so long been permitted to neglect! But, ah! Charles is too impatient,—too old now for study;—would to Heaven my poor father was still living! I am sure he would have been pleased with his discourse and manners—would solicit his acquaintance,

quaintance, and then I might derive the benefit of their united instructions.

Thus did Miss Orlington persuade herself, that to fortify her mind with the precepts of virtue, and gather instruction from one so capable of imparting it;—to acknowledge her esteem for pre-eminent merit,—and her admiration of learning, were the only incentives which induced her to covet the acquaintance and friendship of a young man like Inglebert, whose family, she understood, was but little known, and whose fortune, in the estimation of the circle she moved in, was humble indeed.

For a fellow-commoner at the university, (a relation of the Orlingtons) who was really attached to Inglebert, spoke much in his praise, during their ride home—gave some few particulars of his history, with a very flattering encomium on the suavity of his disposition; and thinking to gain his friend a
patron

patron in Lord Orlington, mentioned his fortune as but small, and that he had little more than merit to recommend him to church preferment:—hinting at the same time, how noble it would be in any one, who had a good living in his gift or patronage (and he knew Lord Orlington possessed both) to bestow them on an object whose learning, abilities, and virtues, entitled him to every distinction he could attain; and added, as a sudden thought,—what say you, my Lord, and you, my fair cousin, if I introduce this young Cicero to your party this evening.

My Lord hesitated—made some objections to admit him as an acquaintance, on account of the inferiority of his birth and situation in life: pretending to apprehend the young man might only feel disconcerted, from an introduction into society, of whose manners and customs he must, of course, be totally ignorant, and that the rest of the
company

company might consider it as a degradation, as he was almost unknown, but for his morning exhibition. Forgetting that a much inferior character was lately his bosom friend, though now absent. But the first suggestion was so strongly seconded by Miss Orlington, that it was carried in the affirmative.

Lord Orlington, who was a strange compound of pride, ignorance, generosity, and meanness, was at this time so greatly attached to this sister, that she could mould him to her pleasure, and possessed so happy an influence over his mind, that to this influence he was indebted for the respect society were inclined to pay him, in return for those virtues he was supposed to be in the habit of practising, but which, in truth, flowed from the liberal disposition of his more amiable sister, who, with a generosity almost peculiar to herself, attributed to her brother every benevolent act—every proof of taste—and every virtue of her own heart.

Were

Were the indigent relieved,—though first sought out by her own sedulous attention to all their wants,—it was by Lord Orlington's desire.—Were the beauties and disposition of his house and grounds the subject of admiration,—Lord Orlington directed both.—The delicacy of his table—the excellency of his wines—the splendor of his establishment—and the exquisite collection of paintings—were all ascribed to the fine taste, and correct judgment, of Lord Orlington—though in reality, his lordship had no more pretensions to any merit in the possession of these advantages, than the faded toast, decked out in all the borrowed ornaments of dress—pastes—and cosmetics—has to be esteemed a beauty.

But the real virtues, and solid acquirements of the sister, fully compensated for every deficiency of the brother; who, though ten years her senior, from his neglected education and frivolous pursuits, had scarcely
the

the knowledge at this period (then turned of twenty-eight) that she was possessed of at twelve.—He had been the darling of a fond, indulgent mother, who never suffered him to be corrected or contradicted in a single whim, from his earliest infancy, to the time of her death;—when he was too old, to suffer the interference, or heed the admonitions of a father, who from the first day Lady Georgiana Somerton, daughter of the Earl of Westham, became Lady Orlington, never possessed the power of controuling even a servant in his own house, much less the heir to the immense property of his lady's maternal Grandmother;—and it was only through her ladyship's extreme partiality for her son, and almost aversion to her daughter, that Miss Orlington attained those advantages, which afterwards rendered her so lovely in the eyes of Inglebert.

For of too little consequence to excite the attention of her mother, whose whole

affections were lavished upon her son—she became the only comfort of her father, and her education the sole amusement and business of his life; worn out with continual altercation, his spirits broken, and his health injured, he had no power to resist the turbulent disposition,—or contend with the vindictive passions of his lady, who at last governed the whole domestic establishment in conjunction with her son, in as absolute a manner, as though they alone had been the sole possessors of every thing.—One advantage which resulted from this arrangement was, that Miss Orlington received those instructions her father was so capable of bestowing, and my lord derived so great a satisfaction from being able to impart them, and observing their effects upon the amiable disposition of his darling Georgiana;—that they not only soothed his sorrows, but reconciled him to life,—and he lived to witness the growing affection of Charles for his sister, which commenced very soon after the death

death of their mother, and was occasioned by circumstances which reflected as much honor on the liberality of the one, as they attached disgrace and infamy to the conduct of the other.

About twelve months previous to these circumstances occurring, Charles had been from home on a shooting party, and ramb-ling in quest of game, one day alone, further than he intended:—upon finding himself fatigued, discovered he was at too great a distance to reach his friends, at their accustomed dinner hour,—he therefore made the best of his way to a neighbouring village, where he found the only decent room in the house engaged by a party for a ball, which was to begin at an early hour that evening:—at first, he peremptorily insisted upon taking possession of the apartment, but finding the landlord not in the least intimidated by the violence of his behavior, said, more civilly, if he might eat his dinner there, he

would retire before the company could arrive. This was at last agreed to; and inspired with additional spirits, from the exhilarating influence of a couple of bottles of red port, he determined to remain, and see what sport the misses of a country assembly could afford him.

Among those who came early, was the daughter of a reputable tradesman, whose chief pride was to see his darling Sophia excel her female companions in the richness of her dress, and the fanciful decoration of her person; and to heighten these, he had spared no expence in her education, which was the best the village could boast of. She was a neat, pretty Girl,—possessed a good voice,—knew a little of music,—could sing and dance exceedingly well,—and if equal care had been taken to instil into her mind the precepts of virtue, as were observed to feed her vanity, she might have lived happy and respected,

respected, instead of dying miserable and disgraced.

She immediately attracted the attention of Charles, who notwithstanding his shooting dress, was, in his attire, evidently superior to the male part of the whole assembly. Her partner that should have been, made it late before he entered. Charles seeing her disengaged, embraced this opportunity,—solicited her hand,—danced with her,—and by every facinating dangerous attention, improved so greatly upon the accident which had brought them acquainted, that she consented, with pleasure, to receive his visits—introduce him to her father the following day, and to remain his partner for the evening; notwithstanding the person to whom she had previously engaged herself had just then arrived. The result was, frequent meetings at her father's, and in the fields, both morning and evening, sometimes with, but more frequently without the knowledge of the old

man, to whom Charles had represented himself as the youngest son of a private gentleman in London, of large fortune, and splendid connections, who was desirous of his marrying a disagreeable cousin, merely because she was rich;—pretending to a great deal of sanctity of character, before the honest tradesman, and was, according to his own account, extremely frank and disinterested.

In one of these conferences, Charles, by means of the most solemn protestations of honor, and vows of eternal love, gained so much upon her inexperienced, affectionate mind, that she consented to elope with him; in order, as she supposed, to be privately married. The time he so contrived, that the first stage they stopped at, they were forced to remain for the night,—and by means of the most base and infamous art, joined to the firmest assurances of marriage, he effected her destruction. She urged him forward to the north, with prayers, tears, and

and entreaties; and when she supposed herself, from the time they had been travelling, to be near the completion of their journey, to her infinite distress, discovered she was still in Lincolnshire.

She upbraided her seducer with his perfidy;—a violent quarrel ensued,—and he, nearly tired of his attachment, offered to take her into keeping, but avowed, he had not, nor ever had, any thoughts of marriage. She spurned his infamous proposal with the contempt it merited, protesting she would sooner exist upon bread and water, than earn the advantages of splendid prostitution; or, for another hour, inhabit the same apartment with so base a villian. He coolly replied, she might act as she pleased.

Their recriminations mutually exasperated both parties, and at last became so violent, that dropping upon her knees, she invoked the severest maledictions of Heaven upon herself,

self, if she ever suffered any further intercourse to subsist between them.

When Charles found her so determined, he at first offered to return her to her father, or to furnish her with money for her support, until she could better provide for herself; but these, she with scorn and reproaches peremptorily rejected. He then tried to sooth her into composure, but finding it in vain, and unable to support the severe representations she made of his duplicity, he flung from her,—rang for his bill,—discharged it,—ordered his chaise, and left the unhappy girl at a strange inn, without a single companion save her own miserable reflections :—and for ought he then recollected to the contrary, entirely destitute; and which would have been the case, but that in the morning, upon the supposition of the following day bringing them to the end of their journey, she had accepted a purse of twenty guineas, to provide her with some few articles
necessary

necessary for her appearance upon the approaching occasion ; this she had deposited in her work-bag, and, in the dispute, it had been entirely forgotten by both parties ; though afterwards recollected by Charles, and thought a sufficient compensation for the violation of her honor.

When she found herself alone, she began to reflect upon her past conduct,—which appeared in so criminal, as well as hopeless a view, that her first thoughts glanced at self-destruction ;—but then again, the hope that Charles might yet see the folly and wickedness of his proceedings, and by a timely reparation atone for the injury he had done her, withheld her from becoming her own immediate executioner, though she was determined not to outlive the loss of reputation.

Night came, but no Charles returned :—in an agony of suspense she listened—she started at each sound—she inquired frequently

quently if he was returned—she wept—she execrated her seducer, herself, and every object that had contributed to her undoing;—and in this state she passed the first night;—the succeeding morning still found her the same miserable, lost, unhappy creature.

She could not return to her father—she had no mother—she had no female friend to intercede there for her, or through whose representations she could hope for pardon;—all was gloom,—all was wretchedness;—and if her father would receive her, Could she regain her reputation? Ah, no! that was irretrievably gone,—that was now impossible,—for who are inclined to credit the sincerity of such a repentance.

Upon these bitter reflections she continued to ruminate, until awakened to recollection by the importunities of the hostess, to know how she was to be paid. Sophia inquired what her demand amounted to; and though she

she had not tasted any thing from the time Charles quitted her the day before, except a single cup of tea in the morning,—was informed *eighteen shillings*; this, though she knew to be exorbitant, she discharged, and making up her few things into a bundle, left the inhospitable mansion of so unfeeling a wretch, to wander she knew not whither.

She walked forward on foot, and by missing her way, encountered a variety of distressing vicissitudes, which she bore with more fortitude than could well have been expected of so young a girl;—and at last, after having parted with every article of worth she had taken with her from her father's, and expended the whole twenty guineas (which she discovered in her work-bag, and from imperious necessity had been compelled to make use of) she found herself in the neighbourhood of Cambridge,—exhausted with having travelled about for upwards of
six

six months on foot, seeking that peace, she was never more to know on earth.

She had written to her father soon after Charles had abandoned her,—and received for answer,—he was fast sinking into the grave, a victim to her criminal misconduct, and that he would never more see, or acknowledge her for his child, but, that a parent's malediction must now be her only inheritance. This, added to the poignancy of her other afflictions, brought on a rapid decay ;—and when she reached *****, had not a cottager's humanity saved and succoured her, she must have expired on the road.

Miss Orlington, who was in the daily habit of visiting the poor, looked in at this cottage, saw the deplorable state of the poor, unhappy, heart-broken Sophia ;—inquired how she could be of service,—heard her melancholy story,—pitied her misfortunes,—
soothed

soothed her with the hopes of happier scenes, and promised, if she found her sincere in her repentance, she would, herself, protect and shield her from further temptation, and the world's contumely ;—that she should find in her a steady friend, willing to encourage and re-conduct her steps to the paths of virtue, honor, and happiness.

This unexpected kindness made so great an impression on the still susceptible disposition of Sophia, who really had a good and virtuous heart, that she unbosomed all her griefs to so generous, so noble a benefactress and friend ; and in her minute relation, and description of her seducer,—led Miss Orlington to suspect it really was her own brother.

Sophia grew evidently worse ; and on the fourth day from Miss Orlington's entertaining this suspicion of her brother, the poor girl was sitting at the cottager's door, for the benefit of freer respiration ; when Charles

and his sister returning from a morning ride, passed so close to the cottage, as to have a full view of Sophia, whom Charles immediately recollected, and by whom he was as instantly recognized.

The horses were on a full gallop, and before he could ascertain the effect the sight of himself had produced, or hear the faint scream which accompanied the recognition, they had struck into a different road, and were presently at home; where a gentleman from London was waiting for him, in order to transact some business relative to an estate Charles possessed in right of his grandmother, in the north of Ireland, and for which country the gentleman was that afternoon intending to set off. This circumstance detained Charles to the house, but Miss Orlington, who had noticed the effect the sight of Sophia had produced on her brother, the moment he left her, returned to the cottage, where she found the unhappy girl in violent hysteric fits,

fits, which brought on a premature labour. Proper medical assistance was sent for by Miss Orlington, and in a little time Sophia was restored to life, and all the bitter reflections the sight of her seducer had awakened in her mind. Mutual inquiries took place, which produced a confirmation on the part of the poor girl, that Charles was, indeed, the betrayer of her honor, and the brother of her benefactress.

A message was dispatched to him, entreating his attendance at the cottage, and another to Lord Orlington, accounting for his daughter's absence.

Charles, as soon as his attorney left him, repaired to the cottage, where he found the wretched victim of his seductive arts, who so lately he had witnessed blooming in health, beauty, and innocence,—the pride and joy of her father,—the envy of her companions,—and the desire of so many of his own sex,

—now stretched out upon a little pallet ;— her form decayed—her features disfigured by the chilling gripe of poverty —sickness — shame — grief—the misery of a wounded conscience, and death hastily approaching to terminate the scene :—for in giving birth to the consequence of their criminal indulgence, she soon after his arrival paid the forfeiture of her life ; but, it is to be hoped, her repentance was accepted as a full atonement for the errors of her conduct.

Just before she expired, she was perfectly sensible and collected, knew Charles, and in all the tenderness of unexhausted affection—and all the bitter agony of her situation, tendered him her pardon, besought him to abandon such criminal pursuits for the future, and to consider there was a God, who could greatly punish such wickedness ; that not only her life and reputation had been sacrificed to his deceptions, but that her father had sunk into the grave, cursing his child, as the
author

author of his disgrace, and the misery of his age.

The awful solemnity of the scene,—the agonies of the poor creature, and what still added to his confusion, the presence of his sister—who he found was fully acquainted with every particular of his conduct—tended to awaken his mind to a proper sense of his irregularities; for he beheld this sister, not then seventeen, administering every comfort, and every religious consolation such a situation could admit; and who without uttering a reproach—looked him into shame. She consoled the unhappy object of her care with the strongest assurances, that if she recovered, she would support and protect her, and in case of the worst, would be a mother to her child.

This last promise Miss Orlington was very soon called upon to fulfil; for the same evening the poor girl expired in her arms,

arms, blessing and praying for her benefactress ; who indeed ever after took care of the infant.

This made so great an impression upon Charles, that from that time he began to entertain an affection for his sister, and to conciliate her regard, and at last became so exceedingly attached to her company, as to suffer himself, and the whole of his domestic establishment, at the period we are now speaking of, to be wholly governed by her directions.

Sophia, and the melancholy circumstances of her death, for a considerable time occupied their thoughts, and, when alone, formed the principal subject of their conversation : most sincerely did this truly noble-minded girl, lament the catastrophe which had prevented her from fulfilling her intentions of reconciling the poor sufferer to existence ; and, from experience, proving to her, that a life of subsequent

sequent rectitude, is not only a life of happiness, but the best atonement for past misconduct: for she scorned the narrow prejudices of her sex; and would have encouraged the return to virtue of this more unfortunate, than criminal young creature, had she lived, by every kind humane attention, by countenancing and protecting her helpless situation; and not have shewn her abhorrence of vice, by leaving to infamy and wretchedness, the victim of seductive art;—many of whom, when first exposed and abandoned, are infinitely less depraved in mind, than the generality of those who are so loud, and pitiless in their condemnation of the folly of one thoughtless moment, and who seldom consider, or care to investigate, between the errors of ignorance, and the depravity of guilt.

Upon the death of Lord Orlington (the father) which happened a few months after this last affair, Charles, at the earnest entreaty

treaty of his sister, made a provision for the infant, by transferring £5000 into the name of trustees, the dividends of which were to be appropriated towards the education and maintenance of this his natural daughter, by the name and description of Adelaide Faulkner, daughter of Sophia Faulkner, of * * * * *, in the county of —, and the principal to be made over to her upon her attaining the age of twenty-five years, or sooner, if marrying with the consent of his sister, under whose guardianship she was to remain until the completion of that age;—but with this special proviso, that in case his sister, who alone knew the secret of her birth, should ever devulge it, or by any means acquaint the child that she was the daughter of Lord Orlington, then the deed to be utterly void and of no further effect.

And in order the more effectually to secure the secret, and prevent the possibility of any one becoming acquainted with
the

the particulars of Adelaide's birth, and who her parents were, she was almost immediately conveyed into Devonshire, to the care of a nurse particularly recommended for that purpose.

These events, and the necessary arrangements in consequence of them, and of Charles becoming Lord Orlington, had engrossed so much of their time, as to leave the latter but little leisure to return to the haunts of his former associates, or to attend to their continual solicitation, by letter, for his making one in their *joyous parties*, as they denominated them, but more properly speaking, the abandoned intercourse of unrestrained licentiousness and riot, where the appetite sickens with excess, and satiety takes at last the place of enjoyment. Such were the society, and such were the habits Charles had been accustomed to, chiefly for want of some better direction, but from which the melancholy scenes he had lately witnessed, and the
fascinating

facinating charms of his sister's pleasing conversation (and she exerted her utmost endeavours to render his stay with her agreeable and pleasant) tended for the present to detach him.

His mind, too vacant to reflect, and too indolent to act, was continually the slave of whim and caprice, or of whoever would take the trouble to amuse and direct it.—And if but a succession of novel incidents, no matter how trivial or worthless, could be found to employ his attention, he was content to pass through life no otherwise distinguished, than as a nobleman, whose title, estate, and parliamentary influence, gave him a degree of consequence, that, as a man, he never could have attained.

Such were the brother and sister whose acquaintance Erasmus Inglebert was then about to be introduced to; who, by the amiable disposition and cultivated taste of the one,
and

and the depraved pursuits and supercilious arrogance (when left to his own guidance) of the other, he was to experience some of the most delightful, and some of the most miserable, mortifying sensations, a virtuous mind can possibly endure, when impelled by reason and sincere affection for a deserving object on the one hand, and repelled, by haughty superiority, and unmeritted contumely, on the other.

CHAP. III.

When virtues, kindred virtues meet,
And sister souls together join,
Thy pleasures, permanent as great,
Are all transporting, all divine.

Dr. JOHNSON's Ode to Friendship.

THE time came, and Mr. Inglebert was announced: all rose to welcome him, and all joined in commendations, and congratulations on his morning's exhibition, in so great a degree, that he felt himself oppressed, and disconcerted by the loud and repeated plaudits of his new acquaintance; for they wanted that discriminating delicacy of communication, which renders praise so delightful to the ears of the modest and the virtuous, and he would gladly have exchanged this gay assembly

bly for the quiet and repose of his own study; he now began to feel, that to gain the applause of the *many*, it would be necessary to sacrifice not only his ease, and tranquil enjoyments, but also the sincerity of his nature (in acknowledgements for unmeaning compliments) as well as the unprejudiced approbation of the *few*, who from principle and esteem were attached more to his virtues than to his fortune. Besides, he was aware, that the applause of the many is excited and procured by so many mean and contemptible expedients—lavished for a season on every new claimant, and retained only by the most incessant and laborious application to gratify the public thirst for novelty, whim, and caprice: that he was fearful of himself—fearful of raising a powerful combination among his academic competitors—of exposing himself to the shafts of envy and malice—of perhaps sinking beneath the character he was ambitious of establishing in the world—that of an *honest man*, acting from

the conviction of his reason, uninfluenced by either passion or prejudice.

These, and a number of similar reflections, crowded so fast upon his mind, that he became suddenly so entirely absorbed in his own contemplations, as to neglect attending properly to the conversation, or to a question which was addressed particularly to him, by Lord Orlington, and in consequence returned an answer so foreign to the purpose, and so *mal-apropos*, that most of the company smiled, some tittered, and all, by their looks—directed full upon him—denoted their extreme surprise, which greatly disconcerted him.

He was sensible he must have committed some strange blunder; yet, like another Marplot, neither knew what it was, nor how to rectify it. His situation became extremely distressing, for which ever way he turned his eye, he met the countenance of some one who

who appeared either to enjoy, or pity his confusion; he then endeavoured to stammer out an apology, but his apology only tended to encrease his disconcertion, and was as incoherent, indistinct, and as little to the purpose as his former answer—for he literally knew not what either to ask, or reply to.

Miss Orlington just then caught his attention, who appeared in almost equal confusion with himself, and a whisper between Lord Orlington and his sister, the latter part of which he distinctly heard, of—"did I not tell you it would be so"—and which related to his lordship's objection to Inglebert's being introduced—completed the measure of his embarrassment, and he would have given the world to have been permitted to retire.

Miss Orlington too, began to fear the truth of her brother's observation, and that Inglebert would depart without acquitting himself in the manner her partiality had induced her

to suppose he could not fail of doing; and without leaving that impression upon the company, his works, but chiefly his morning discourse, had produced upon her mind in his favor.

At last, a gentleman, who sat near him, politely extricated him from his embarrassment, by observing—"I imagine, Sir, you rather imperfectly understood the question my Lord Orlington last addressed to you—and which was, whether you had any stake depending upon the approaching Newmarket meeting?" Inglebert, unaccustomed to finesse of any kind, thanked the gentleman for his timely explanation—frankly acknowledged a momentary abstraction, and in the handsomest terms, and most graceful manner, apologized for his inattention.

Inglebert's reply to Lord Orlington's question, and which had occasioned him so much confusion, was—"any stake, Sir—yes, Sir,
a stake

a stake I value superior to existence—my whole reputation.”

An orator so young, to stake his whole reputation at a Newmarket meeting, was so new to the company, and appeared in so ludicrous a point of view—particularly as Inglebert had expressed his interest in the question with peculiar animation—that all present felt an extreme propensity to indulge the risibility, this unfortunate energetic reply at first excited; but the frank and graceful manner in which he apologized for his blunder, completely restored him to the good opinion of the thinking, and liberal part of the company, though Lord Orlington still entertained the idea, that a farmer's son—however mentally endowed—was but a farmer's son, and very unfit company for a lord:—yet had he first met this same farmer's son in the gay haunts of fashionable dissipation; squandering thousands—the hard earnings of laborious industry, he would never have inquired the

particulars of his birth, or from what source his extravagancies were supplied—for the gaming table and the race course, level all distinctions; and at both, the peer, and the blackleg, are upon a perfect equality.

The gentleman who had thus politely relieved Inglebert, was Sir John Griffiths, a baronet of large fortune, amiable disposition, exemplary character, and benevolent heart: he had been present in the morning, when Inglebert delivered his oration;—had received much pleasure from the subject and manner of the discussion; and was desirous of some further acquaintance with a man, who, though young, appeared so justly to feel, and appreciate the superior advantages of religious, to mere philosophical knowledge. This philosophical knowledge was then growing much into fashion; and from the public admiration of some celebrated writers, both here, and on the continent, formed great part of the conversation of the day.

Hume

Hume and Gibbon took the lead in England—Voltaire and Rousseau in France—and Goethé (the author of Werter) in Germany;—these pernicious scepticisms and sophistical delusions, from their fascinating stile, and animated diction, obtained many readers:—and those, unaccustomed to the higher pursuits of literature, in which Hume and Gibbon moved, were accessible through the medium of novels, in which were disseminated the most dangerous principles:—principles which corrupt the heart and debase the understanding:—giving to vice the charms of virtue—to infidelity the specious colourings of superior intellectual attainment—to crimes, the shameful sophistry of irresistible necessity—and to self-destruction, the delusive argument of a right in the creature to resign his existence when it ceases to afford him happiness, and the reasonableness of escaping from misery.

These

These doctrines, Sir John, with deep concern, and heart-felt regret, had witnessed gaining ground in society, and imposing upon the understanding of many, with whom he was in the habit of daily associating.

With the utmost pleasure then, he beheld a young man so admirably calculated to repress the sophisms of infidelity—to strip vice of her specious covering, and expose her naked and deformed to the scorn and contempt of every honest mind. For he had noticed, Inglebert joined to the advantages of a sound judgment, and manly sense, an ardent zeal in the cause of religion; which he could support, either by unimpassioned logical deductions, or more florid declamation, addressed immediately to the ears and passions of his hearers.

Sir John, in consequence, paid him every attention, drew him into conversation on the
topics

topics nearest his own heart (for he considered his philanthropy best exerted when it tended to provide for the eternal as well as the temporal happiness of his fellow-creatures) and in fine, gave him to understand he was so highly gratified by all that he had read, seen, and heard of his principles, that as long as he continued to support the cause of virtue and religion, against vice and infidelity, he should never stand in need of a friend, or patron, to support his interests through life.

Sir John then gave him an invitation to spend a portion of the next vacation at his seat, promising him a kind reception from his lady, who, he politely assured him, would, with himself, join in rendering his visit at Walton Park (the name of Sir John's seat) as agreeable and pleasant as possible—and he was confident she would be equally delighted with his conversation and manners, and as highly appreciate his virtues and abilities, as he did himself;—and in this declaration he
by

by no means over-rated the urbanity and amiable condescension, which indeed truly distinguished this noble-minded lady, and endeared her to all, who had the honor and happiness of knowing her.

And Inglebert—from his first introduction to her acquaintance, to the time of his death, ever invariably found her the same attentive, beneficent, fascinating woman, he was charmed with at first sight, and in whose opinion he was then so extremely anxious to be esteemed—a man of principle.

And from both he ever after experienced the most disinterested friendship, and the truest regard to his interest and happiness, that he possible could have received from the nearest and dearest relatives.

The conversation at Lord Orlington's—after Inglebert's blunder had been properly accounted for—by the address and management

ment of Sir John, became general, and through his means was directed to the discussion of topics, the most congenial to Inglebert's disposition and pursuits, that either his vanity, or his wishes could have desired.

In most of these discussions, Miss Orlington had borne a part, and displayed such charms, both of mind and disposition—so benevolent a regard for the fame of an absent lady, whose character and conduct she generously defended from the scandalous insinuations of a female present, who seemed to derive a malignant gratification from being able to propagate a tale, she declared she had received from very good authority, to the disadvantage of an unprotected young creature, once her superior—and so great an attachment to literary pursuits—that Inglebert felt extremely prepossessed in her favor;—and when, with infinite politeness, upon his taking leave, she expressed a hope—though a blush mantled her cheek at the time—that
her

her brother would shortly again have the pleasure of his company; so extremely soft and captivating were the tones of her voice, that inexpressible delight thrilled through the bosom of Inglebert, and gave birth to sensations he was before a stranger to; nor did he even then perfectly comprehend the full extent of his own feelings; for he thought they were no other, than what naturally arose from the pleasing conversation of an agreeable girl, whose apparent sensibility of mind, and virtuous disposition, demanded and excited his warmest admiration and esteem—with the addition of his own vanity, at being thus distinguished.

But subsequent interviews which took place, both at Orlington house, and at Sir John Griffiths's—between whose lady and Miss Orlington a very sincere friendship subsisted—gave Inglebert an opportunity of improving this accidental acquaintance, into a firm friendship—of enjoying some of the
most

most delightful and rapturous moments of felicity, human existence can possibly be blest with;—of becoming acquainted with a thousand charms of mind and disposition, he had hitherto thought almost unreasonable to expect to find united in any human being:—for such unaffected goodness of heart, and simplicity of manners—such winning softness—such benevolent attention to the wants of the distressed—and so strict an observance of every religious and moral obligation, distinguished this amiable girl, that Inglebert resigned himself to the pleasing contemplation of her exalted virtues, until, to exist out of her presence, he thought would be as severe a deprivation, as not to exist at all;—nor did he ever find her influenced by that slavish prejudice—the dread of incurring the censure of the malevolent, which imposes upon so many, and which, whilst it may preserve some, from the commission of flagrant enormities, deters more, from the performance of many offices of kindness and friendship,

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equally incumbent with the higher duties, the neglect of which is frequently a source of mental anguish here, and account hereafter.

These amiable qualities, and this strength of mind, he found, upon every occasion, invariably exerted to promote the happiness of all around her ; and he had so many occasions to notice, and feel himself indebted to their ascendancy, for the respect and attention he received in the family of Lord Orington, that he was propelled to acknowledge to his own heart, that divested of her support, his own science, abilities, and probity, would not have shielded him from the despicable, though influencing conduct of the haughty peer, whose supercilious arrogance, at times, almost determined Inglebert to drop the acquaintance ; and to that resolution he certainly had adhered, but for the entreaties and soothing attentions of his beloved Georgiana, whose dignified deportment, and

and delicate notice of Inglebert in her brother's house, and at his table, not only restrained the rude sarcasms, or vapid raillery of the guests, directed against *the parson*—but was even a powerful check upon the natural imperiousness of his lordship, whose disposition was ever at variance with learning and virtue.

CHAP. IV.

'Tis true, my hopes are vanishing as clouds,
Lighter than children's bubbles blown by winds,
My merit but the rash result of chance;
My birth unequal ; all the stars against me ;
Power, promise, choice, the living and the dead ;
Mankind my foes, and only love my friend.

DRYDEN.

TWO years had now elapsed, since Inglebert's first introduction to, and acquaintance with Miss Orlington—during which period he had experienced a variety of vicissitudes, some pleasing, some painful;—he had obtained his degrees of batchelor, and master of arts—had published two volumes of discourses on religious, moral, and literary subjects;—with some observations upon American

can

can affairs, then beginning to engage very much the public attention;—and had sedulously cultivated the friendship and esteem of Sir John and Lady Griffiths, in whose society and polished manners, he found a balm for the wounds inflicted by the rude and contemptuous behavior of Lord Orlington.

Sir John and his lady, not only continued remarkably attached to Inglebert, but even supported his interest with Miss Orlington, with whose disposition they were sufficiently acquainted to be assured, no accession of fortune, or addition of title, could influence her to sacrifice, to the mean prejudice of her brother's pride, that regard, she scrupled not to avow to those sincere friends, she did indeed feel for Inglebert, though he, as yet, was ignorant of the influence he possessed over her affections: the great disparity of their rank, in his opinion, rendering even the thought of such an event hopeless.

Lord Orlington had more than once endeavoured, by coarse irony, and unhandsome insinuations, to injure Inglebert in the opinion of his sister; and when he found those methods ineffectual, and that she not only warmly defended the conduct of the absent, but glanced obliquely at the dishonorable practices of the one present, he attempted to prove the indecorum of her receiving the visits, or being seen in public with a young man of that description, by declaring her indiscreet attention to a beggar, was the conversation of every assembly, and card-party throughout the kingdom; and that he was even ashamed now to appear in public, as he had frequently been censured for countenancing the addresses of one, so totally destitute of all pretensions to an alliance with *his* family. “He had, at first, (he said) treated such representations with the contempt, he thought, they meritted, hitherto replying—his sister, he was sure, had a better taste, and possessed more judgment, than

than to throw herself away upon a man every way her inferior—a man without birth, connections, family, fortune, or personal attractions, to recommend him to the notice of any woman: but her conduct was now too glaring to admit of any such observation, or in fact of any palliation:—Inglebert must be discarded, or he and his family disgraced.”

One morning, soon after this last conversation, Lord Orlington requested a moment's audience with his sister, on affairs of some importance.

After parading his great affection and solicitude for her welfare, he added—“I trust, my dear sister, you will justify the extreme partiality and regard I entertain for you, and the deference I pay to your judgment and understanding, by discountenancing, for the future, the visits of that odious parson, and by giving him to understand, his attentions
are

are no longer agreeable, nor can again be permitted in public: for my Lord Coulthurst has just now done us the honor to request permission to lay himself, his title, and fortune at your feet, entreating I would first introduce the subject, procure him a favorable reception, and obtain for him that place in your regard, he is so desirous of aspiring to, though he was unfortunately prevented by a prior engagement this morning, of an opportunity of personally assuring you, it will be the study of his future life to merit your good opinion."—"And pray, brother (demanded Miss Orlington) what answer did you return to *so flattering—so tempting* an offer?"—the sarcastic tone in which she asked this question, greatly disconcerted his lordship, and he, stammering, replied—"Why, that to be sure, we should be proud of the honor of his alliance."

"So then, my lord (continued Miss Orlington) you considered my *acquiescence*,
must

must, of course, follow your *approbation*;—and that the man and his coronet, could not fail of having equal attractions for my *vanity*—as for your lordship's more *solid judgment*. And my Lord Coulthurst too—a very enamoured swain truly—an epitome of perfection—saw me last night, for the first time, is deeply smitten, no doubt, with the *virtues of my mind*, for which he has so correct a taste—is anxiously solicitous to gain an *immediate* interest in my heart—but is so tremblingly alive to the *delicacy of my sex*, which to gain a world he would not offend;—and the reservedness of my disposition—which he values so highly in a female—that he rides twenty miles a different way, because he would not pain the extreme sensibility of my mind, by gazing upon the modest blush of joy, which, upon this occasion, could not fail to suffuse my cheek—and delegates to my brother, his *dear friend* of a week's acquaintance—the delightful task of imparting to me the joyful tidings of my conquest,
and

and the happiness awaiting my acceptance in an union with a man of such strict morals—refined feelings—enobled goodness—and exemplary conduct, as distinguish his lordship, both upon the turf, and at the gaming-table.

“But to be serious, brother, though my regard for you, and my respect for myself and family, will preserve me from ever disgracing either, by throwing myself away, as you are pleased to term it, upon an adventurer, or one totally unworthy of me—yet be assured—no title—no splendor—no addition of fortune, or consequence, can induce me to give encouragement to any man I *despise*, or retract sentiments of regard and friendship, repeatedly avowed for one, who possesses, in my estimation, the greatest advantage, that can possibly give dignity to man—*unfullied honor*.

“Yet,

“ Yet, though I do not scruple to make this declaration, and glory in my preference of so deserving—so highly-gifted an object as Mr. Inglebert ; yet, believe me, I am still as anxious for, and desirous of your approbation, my brother, as though my prospects, and happiness, all depended upon your decision.—Do not then, from mistaken tenderness—a wish to see me more affluently situated—or a false pride—continue to render me wretched, by withholding your approbation to receive, as a brother, a man I esteem and love above all others, from a conviction of his virtues and super-eminent talents :—though I solemnly declare, Mr. Inglebert is, as yet, totally unacquainted with the extent of my regard, or that he has excited any other sentiment in my bosom than friendship.”

Here Miss Orlington would have embraced her brother—but he burst from her in a rage—venting in violent execrations his anger upon Inglebert—his sister—and lastly
upon

upon himself, for having been such a dupe as to admit, in the first instance, to his acquaintance, a fellow, whose only recommendation was his ability to please the ear, by reciting a school-boy's task with theatrical effect.

Lord Coulthurst, whose admiration of Miss Orlington occasioned this storm, was a nobleman of about forty-five—long celebrated for his partiality to the fair sex—of impetuous temper and athletic form. Once handsome in person, and of large fortune; but at the time when he would thus have addressed the amiable Georgiana—his person was become extremely disagreeable, from universal gallantry, and excess of all kinds—and his fortune considerably diminished, by the profuse liberality and folly of its master:—to repair which, and possess for a short time a beautiful woman, were the inducements for his lordship's soliciting in marriage, the fair hand of Miss Orlington.

When

When he heard, therefore, the rejection of his suit (and the consequent derangement of his plans) he at first attempted to believe it proceeded from coyness, and said, he would try what influence his personal assiduties would have upon the beautiful insensible. But Lord Orlington hinted the possibility of a prior engagement, which he extremely disapproved, though apprehensive of—to that whining, canting, scoundrel of a parson—Inglebert, who was for ever preaching some damned, methodistical nonsense, to frighten women and children—but he was determined to rout him.

Lord Coulthurst now became furious, to think himself foiled by so insignificant a mortal, as a farmer's son—and swore, by every demon he could conjure to his recollection, Inglebert should pay dear for his presumption, in daring to rival a peer—that he would contrive to insult and quarrel with him, purposely, to have an opportunity of

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exercising upon him the discipline of his horse-whip—for any other revenge, he said, he should consider a degradation to his own rank—and putting himself upon a level with a farmer's son.

Lord Orlington—who had long secretly hated Inglebert for his superiority of understanding, though he feared openly to affront him, both on account of his own personal safety, and the keen reproaches of his sister—was delighted with his companion's threat—and by every mean, despicable art, contrived to inflame the passions of Lord Coulthurst.

Inglebert, the afternoon of the same day, called in at Orlington house, and spent some hours with his beloved Georgiana, the most delightful to his feelings, he had ever passed in her society, there was a something in the tones of her voice—in the expression of her countenance—in her manner—in her conversation — peculiarly attractive — and for
which

which he knew not a name. It invited confidence—it repressed presumption—it was tenderness mingled with the most chaste and delicate reserve. In short, it was calculated to inspire love, gratitude, respect, and adoration—and if a woman can ever reasonably be denominated angelic—Miss Orlington, that afternoon, in the eyes of Inglebert, appeared the character; at least something more than mere mortal.

She led the conversation to the subject of unequal unions—unions which neither affection, gratitude, judgment, nor taste, constitute the motive for their being entered into: but a sentiment, as despicable as culpable—sordid interest, or a desire to possess the means of gratifying a more extensive dissipation, than, perhaps a circumscribed income, will otherwise admit of.—“And with such and no better motives (said Miss Orlington) do many approach the altar, and solemnly promise to fulfil duties, which, in a few days,

may, in a few hours, cease to be remembered, or, if remembered, remembered only as subjects of extreme indifference, if not of ridicule.

The transition to an union of mutual affection—excited by a reciprocity of taste, feeling, and judgment, and founded on esteem, and a firm persuasion that each can place a justified confidence in the honor of the other—imperceptibly appeared to grow out of the former conversation, and was admitted, by both, to be the best security, and truest indication of lasting felicity, of which either that state, or human existence, can reasonably indulge a hope.

Inglebert—without reflecting upon what might result from such a discussion—pursued the subject—entered into the consideration of all the advantages, and disadvantages of early and late marriages—of those promoted by the vanity of parents—the fervid imagination

ation of youth—or the inconsiderate of all descriptions—considering the state itself, above all others, designed by Providence as the perfection of human felicity; and in comparison of which, all other terrestrial enjoyments are trivial indeed. He continued, until his mind enraptured with the delightful contemplation of what *could* be enjoyed in an alliance with a beloved object, if our own passions, or follies, were not in opposition to our happiness—that, forgetting at once his prudence, and the resolution he had hitherto preserved of keeping the secret of his passion locked within his own bosom;—he added—“ah! lovliest of your sex! such are the superior joys—the ecstatic delights of sincere, reciprocal affection—such the felicity, love, and love only can impart—receive—and be satisfied with.—Ah! how superior—how different to the cold—lifeless—insipid intercourse, which generally prevades those interested unions, where an addition of fortune, or consequence, has been the chief good sought for—and an

accumulation of anxious cares—disappointed expectations—and torturing inquietudes, the deserved result of so gross a profanation of its holy rites—this felicity, and these delights, dearest Miss Orlington, might be mine—might.”—Inglebert recollected himself—his cheeks were alternately crimsoned, and then lived as a corpse. He had taken her hand—he had thought it returned his pressure—it was still between his own—he let it drop—attempted to stammer out an apology, but his voice failed him—he arose—and in evident confusion would have rushed out of the room—Miss Orlington stopped him, and in a voice, mild as a seraph’s—thus addressed him—“ Mr. Inglebert—to depart from the characteristic reserve of my sex, and without disguise acknowledge an esteem—a regard the most sincere—for one of yours, by many would be deemed a violation of decorum, and as such, subject me to severe animadversion—but, if I am not greatly deceived in your character, it is not in your nature to
despise

despise—to abuse the frankness, which is thus reposed in your honor ; and occasioned by the belief, that in your bosom resides a principle of rectitude so pure ; and a sense of feeling so nice—so delicate—that to those feelings, you would sacrifice the happiness of your life, rather than be thought mean—selfish—or dishonorable—placing then the most implicit confidence in your honor ; and entertaining the most perfect regard for your virtues and talents, I do not hesitate to acknowledge—that if you have been impelled, by the sincerity of your feelings, to express the sentiments your language and behavior appeared to indicate, you have not offended me:—on the contrary, I appreciate *your* regard and *your* esteem superior to all, who have ever yet expressed similar sentiments. But perhaps I have already said too much ; and you may condemn the forward girl, who can thus expose the secrets of her heart.”—

She

She paused—Inglebert caught her to his bosom, which throbbed with ten thousand nameless sensations—expressed not a word—but his looks conveyed volumes :—he gazed for a moment on her beauteous countenance, now rendered still more bewitching, by the modest blush of timid love, fearful of having erred—respectfully reseated her, and then dropping on one knee, burst into tears.

In a few seconds he was able to articulate his love and gratitude ; and to apologize for the emotions, which had robbed him of words, and left him only tears to express the vast unutterable sensations, her dear confession had infused into his soul ;—this by some—he said—might be thought an unmanly, if not an unpardonable weakness : but, he trusted, he should never be ashamed of acknowledging the genuine sensibility of his mind, implanted there by the God of nature—particularly when excited by so exalted a
proof

proof of condescending regard, as he had just then experienced;—for so many powerful feelings assailed him at once, that he confessed, he must have sunk beneath their weight, had he not found instant relief in the friendly drops, which, in some degree, eased his mind of a load, inexpressibly burdensome. He likewise entreated her to believe, that no other motive than a sudden forgetfulness of his own indeliberate—whilst contemplating the extreme beauties of her mind and person, and the softness of her manners—could have occasioned him to fail in the respect due to her elevated rank, and many superior attainments; or have extorted the secret, which he had so sedulously kept concealed within the inmost recesses of his heart, though it had indeed long tortured his mind, and preyed upon his health.

Further explanations took place. Miss Orlington acknowledged, she had to contend
with

with the pride and prejudices of her family—particularly her brother—but that she should very shortly be entirely at her own disposal ; —that she should still continue her endeavours to conciliate the approbation of all her friends—and added—“ as we are both of us young, I hope in time, to effect this point—though their objections—even if they continue—shall not ultimately prevail with me to renounce you, as long as your own conduct and principles remain what they now are.”

The following evening, he escorted her to the theatre—the play was “ The Gamester ”—and in one of the most interesting scenes between Mr. and Mrs. Beverly—Lord Orington and his compeer, Coulthurst, entered the same box, and without the smallest ceremony, or regard to the rest of the company, whose whole attention was at that moment directed to the stage—began to disturb all around them, by the most obstreperous laughter—

ter—they had evidently made free with the bottle, and lord Coulthurst had a riding-whip in his hand.

Lord Orlington took his seat by his sister, on the disengaged side, which had previously been agreed upon, and was the signal for his brother peer to begin his attack. He rudely pushed Inglebert aside—exclaiming, “make room, fellow,” and instantly placed himself by the side of Miss Orlington.

This drew the attention of the company in the adjoining boxes, who most of them knew, and esteemed Inglebert, and therefore were much surprised and concerned at the exceeding rude behavior they now witnessed.—His lordship immediately addressed some fulsome compliments to Miss Orlington, who paid no attention to them, but turning —gave Inglebert a most expressive look—and observed to the noble boor, with a firm voice—and steady countenance—“the gentleman,
my

my lord, whose seat you have taken—at *my* request escorted me here—and is a particular friend of my brother and myself—this you doubtless was unacquainted with, when you entered the theatre, and accounts for your very unpolite address :—permit me, my lord, to introduce Mr. Inglebert to your lordship—Mr. Inglebert, Lord Coulthurst.” The latter, rather contemptuously, bowed, but spoke not—Inglebert, though with infinite grace, as silently returned the salutation.

Lord Coulthurst again attempted some florid speeches, with all the extravagance and raptures peculiar to such characters, but so completely disgusting to Miss Orlington, that she directed the chief of her conversation to her brother, though with such sarcastic expression and significant looks—which he perfectly understood—that, after sitting some time in a most unpleasant, fearful state, he rose, and declared the performance was so horribly dull, he should leave the house, and
entreated

entreated Lord Coulthurst to accompany him to a party he named.

This the peer would not agree to—swearing he was in Paradise, participating all the joys of heaven:—with a thousand other ridiculous rhapsodies—though in fact his passions were inflamed with the utmost fury, and he sought every opportunity, when Miss Orlington's attention appeared engaged either by the performance, or her brother, of turning to Inglebert, and by looks and gestures, menacing him with his displeasure—which Inglebert no otherwise noticed, than by a steady, undaunted countenance, which appeared to inquire—"by what right do you thus insult me—and why am I the object of your scorn?"

At last the curtain dropped, and they all four left the box together—though Lord Coulthurst first contrived, in a whisper, to inform Inglebert, that if he had any regard for his

own safety, he would advise him to be no longer assiduous, or particular in his attentions to Miss Orlington, for he should certainly take the liberty of horse-whipping any scoundrel like him, who should, for the future, presume in that manner to approach her.

Inglebert bowed—smiled—and thanked his lordship for his very polite communication, with so unaltered a countenance, that it deceived Miss Orlington, as much as it enraged Lord Coulthurst, whose passionate demeanor only escaped her notice, by their just then turning into the lobby.

Inglebert—after attending Miss Orlington to her carriage, into which her brother and Lord Coulthurst likewise entered, returned to his apartments in extreme perturbation of mind—for in whatever light he considered, and reflected upon the occurrences of the evening—the haughty reserve of Lord Orlington, or
the

the boisterous and insulting behavior of Lord Coulthurst—they evidently menaced him with approaching difficulties, that not only threatened to involve him individually in very great distress, but her also, who was far dearer to him than any other earthly consideration:—they threatened him with the deprivation of her society, and the happiness he so lately experienced from her acknowledged regard—and though he well knew they could not induce her to sacrifice her affections at the shrine of either vanity or prejudice: yet would it not be considered equally ungenerous and dishonorable in him, to take a mean advantage of her prepossession in his favor, to involve her in disgrace with the world, and expose her to the displeasure and reprehension of all her family.

She, was now distinguished by birth and title, and in case of her brother's death without issue, would be a peeress in her own right—would soon be entitled by her father's

will to thirty thousand pounds—was beautiful in person, and not less accomplished in mind—and from family connections had considerable expectations of an increase of fortune—whilst he, on the contrary, possessed but little fortune—trifling expectations—and no advantages in the estimation of the great world, to compensate for the deficiency of title, birth, fortune, and distinction. Again, the occurrences of the evening threatened to put his religious principles severely to the test, and to require the utmost aid of those divine precepts, to enable him to endure, without resenting, the unmanly and brutal arrogance of his athletic competitor, who appeared capable of any and every outrage, his unbridled passions might suggest.

These reflections kept Inglebert awake the greatest part of the night, nor was Miss Orlington in a more enviable situation; for during their ride home, and at supper, Lord Coulthurst had entertained her with the declaration

claration of his passion; and that in a manner so vehement, yet farcical, that she knew not well how to answer him, or how to act, so as to prevent consequences she shuddered but to think of:—he had expressed all the ridiculous, rhapsodical flights, which characterize men of his lordship's description—though there was a sufficient degree of confidence evident throughout the whole of his discourse and behavior, to convince any one capable of reflection—that he did not think it possible, he could ultimately be rejected.

The following morning Lord Coulthurst again waited upon Miss Orlington—submissively entreated her pardon for his rudeness the preceding evening—and requested permission to be considered the humblest of her suitors. With much frankness and urbanity, she gave him to understand she could not in honor give him any encouragement, for her affections had long been pre-engaged. After many fruitless efforts on the part of his

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lordship

lordship to induce her to change her sentiments, he left her; joined Lord Orlington, and they both immediately went in search of Inglebert, who they determined should, that morning, be compelled to resign all pretensions to the fair hand of Georgiana.

Inglebert—too distracted in mind for serious study, and too much engrossed for trifling conversation; in hopes of avoiding other company, and meeting his beloved enslaver in her morning ride—mounted his horse, and took the direction he knew she was accustomed to give the preference to:—he had not proceeded far, before he recollected she had mentioned her intention of purchasing that morning some books, just then published, and selecting others she was desirous of perusing—he, therefore being then at the library door, dismounted—gave his horse to the servant, and entered, intending to lounge away the time until she came, in looking over the papers of the day. He had not
been

been there long, before those in search of him likewise entered; having noticed, as they were passing, his horse and servant:—they bowed; and Lord Coulthrust accosted him by ironically congratulating him on his good fortune, and the happiness which awaited him in possession of so much beauty and consequence, as were united in the lovely Miss Orlington — adding — “ but dam’me, Inglebert, tell us how you contrived, with that puritanical phiz of yours, to bewitch so divine a girl—you certainly must have studied deeply the lore of crafty Bacon, or—

Inglebert interrupted him, by observing, with a temperate, yet firm voice—“ stop, my lord, if your intention is simply to *insult* me—which the whole of your behavior last night but too plainly indicated;—and your present address places beyond a doubt—have the goodness to do so without adding to it the unmanly meanness of implicating a name
whose

whose sex shields you from personal apprehension on that account, and whose natural protector can stand by and tamely hear it coupled with reproach, without vindicating its purity."—"Damn your preaching (exclaimed Lord Coulthurst — shaking his whip in a menacing direction)—let me tell you, Sir Orator, once for all, if you ever again presume to speak to, or carry on any further intercourse with that lady, and I become acquainted with it—Damn me if I don't lay this (again shaking his whip) so completely into you, that it shall for ever after, most effectually spoil both your sermonizing cant, and your whining, sanctified, hypocritical purity."—"And let *me* add (said Lord Orlington) a few words of advice, by way of caution—that if you ever again venture to Orlington house, even though my sister should be fool enough to invite you, the servants have *my orders* to turn you out."

“ There

“ There never was the smallest occasion, my lord (replied Inglebert to Lord Orlington, in the same cool tone) for such directions to your servants—the most distant intimation to me, that my visits were unwelcome, would at all times have been amply sufficient for that purpose, and be well assured, your lordship will not again have to complain of any similiar intrusion.—As for you, my lord (turning to Lord Coulthurst) I have but one reply.—The name you have done me the honor to mention with mine—though unhandsomely intended, and unpolitely expressed, I so truly respect, that I cannot for a moment suffer it to be profaned by a dispute, in which however just my vindication of its purity—yet the very mention must give rise to conversations and reflections, you cannot be so ungenerous, or so insensible to a lady’s reputation, as to wish to involve it in—thereby making it the object of public animadversion. If either of you are desirous
of

of further conversation with me upon the subject, you both know my apartments—your lordships will excuse me for the present—good morning.” Here Inglebert would have departed; but Lord Coulthurst, catching him by the arm, swore that subterfuge should not avail him, for he was determined he should then either publicly beg his pardon for the insolence of his language, and promise to adhere to the conditions he had already mentioned, or take the consequence. To this Inglebert replied—“ I am totally unconscious of having given your lordship the slightest offence—if I had indeed done so, though unintentionally, I would not hesitate to enter into any explanation, or even solicit your pardon—for I have no idea of honor, unconnected with truth and justice:—and believe me, my lord, I have as little of the coward in my composition, as the bravo—but your prohibition and your threat, I equally despise, and shall equally disregard.”

“ Then

“ Then take this Sir (said Lord Coulthurst, as he raised his whip to strike Inglebert) as a sample of what your temerity richly deserves, and what it shall constantly experience from me.”

Several were in the shop when this altercation first commenced; and more had by this time entered—all crowded around the disputants, eager to witness the result of a quarrel between—on the one part, two powerful noblemen, whose influence in the country was very extensive, and a young clergyman—whose chief distinction consisted in his literary fame, and the known integrity of his conduct.

Of the number present, some envied Inglebert for his superior attainments, and the reputation he had in consequence acquired, and therefore were anxious for his humiliation—others feared the power and influence of the two peers, and therefore remained silent spectators—whilst the rest were totally indifferent

different as to both parties, and only desirous of enjoying the amusement, and the opportunity of enlivening their evening party with a tale of scandal, which, in such hands, never suffers the smallest diminution by being circulated.

Lord Coulthurst's uplifted whip Inglebert caught with his hand, and grasped so tight, that his lordship found his whole strength ineffectual to recover at one struggle the entire possession of it—though he had at first conceived himself able, with a single blow, to have struck him to the ground.

Inglebert—influenced by his principles on the one hand, and his extreme anxiety for the reputation of Miss Orlington—whose name and conduct he feared would become the common conversation of every gossiping newsmonger in the country—endeavoured to persuade his lordship to desist, and to reflect for a moment on the outrage he was committing on one, who had never injured him—

him—who had never until then interchanged a dozen words with him—and whose character, as a preacher of the gospel, required him to act consistently with its divine precepts: but to this kind of argument his lordship paid no attention, further than to express his rage at being thus prevented from instantly destroying the presumptuous wretch, who dared attempt to rival him in strength, as well as in love—then becoming furious—he let go Inglebert's arm, and with one hand fast grasping the whip—he paused for breath—surveyed his antagonist—was able, from observation, to discover he was no pugilist—collected all his strength—and with the address of a Broughtonian—with the disengaged hand, struck Inglebert so violent a blow on the left side of his head, as for a moment deprived him of motion and recollection—his hand let go its hold—he fell—and when on the ground—Lord Orlington, with the most dastardly cowardice, repeatedly kicked him. A murmur of disapprobation

and indignation, ran through the whole of the company: but Inglebert soon recovered, and by the assistance of a gentleman who had interposed to prevent the ferocity of Lord Orlington, sprang upon his feet—he felt his head rather confused, but his recollection was perfect—he suppressed his anger—and again addressed Lord Coulthurst—
—“ Hold, my lord! one moment hear me! —as you value your eternal existence, dare not proceed!—be satisfied with the disgrace you have thus, without provocation, exposed me to, and the despicable advantage your companion has taken of my degraded situation and insensibility, to inflict a wound, he never of himself would have had the courage openly to have sought an opportunity of doing—Dare not attempt any further violence, lest I forget the sacred injunctions of unerring wisdom, which have hitherto restrained my arm, forget every consideration, but irritated feelings and self-defence, and prove to your lordship, however inferior I may be to you
in

in bodily strength—I am by no means deficient in that deliberate courage, inspired by reflection, and infinitely superior to brutal violence—or the evaporating ebullitions of the infuriate duelist.”

Lord Coulthurst would not suffer him to continue, but rushing by those who had interposed, with the most horrid imprecations made up to him with his whip, which he designed to exercise with his whole strength; and would have done so, but Inglebert perceiving his intention, and finding no other alternative left him, than either to repel force by force, or tamely submit to the brutality and indignities he now found it impossible otherwise to avoid—prepared himself to encounter with firmness, the ferocity of his enraged antagonist. Again he caught hold of the whip, before it had fulfilled the base intention of its master; and with a strength he was before unconscious of, and which appeared to arise with the occasion, struggled

some time with his lordship—whose athletic form gave him apparently a most decided superiority; and which, when he at first began the contest, he supposed could not fail of vanquishing a man, whose size was little more than half his own, and whose disposition was well known to possess more of the milk of human kindness, and the spirit of christian forbearance, than the over-weaning insolence of proud, ungovernable, vindictive passion.

At last Inglebert succeeded in wresting from his lordship the whip—and with an address the latter little expected, and was totally unprepared for, by a sudden exertion, which the position they then were in, was extremely well calculated to favor, threw his competitor backwards with such force, that he could not recover himself, but fell with his whole length extended upon the floor. A shout of exultation from some of those, who by this time, began to espouse Inglebert's cause, so exasperated Lord Coulthurst, who had received
but

but little injury in the fall, that he almost instantly leaped upon his feet; and just time enough to prevent Lord Orlington—who had began to entertain much apprehension for his own personal safety—from slinking out of the room, which could he have found a convenient opportunity of doing, he would gladly have taken advantage of; but his noble companion, in rising, caught hold of his arm, and thereby wholly frustrated this heroic intention.

Inglebert, the moment he found himself in possession of the whip, flung it to the extremity of the shop; and was in hopes his antagonist would, at least for that time, have given over the contest—but in this he was disappointed: for his lordship seeing a gentleman present with a walking cane in his hand—without the smallest ceremony, or solicitation, forced it from him—and again furiously making up to Inglebert aimed a most desperate blow at his head, which in

all probability, had it struck him on that part, would have killed him on the spot—as in warding it off, it nearly broke his left arm. Another struggle ensued—Inglebert, from the extreme pain of his arm, was incapable, for some time, of using it; and therefore, evidently had the worst of the contest. The peer saw this, and pressed upon him with redoubled violence—with a violence which threatened a most fatal termination to the encounter.

Inglebert clearly saw the danger he was exposed to, but scorned to retire with an accumulation of disgrace; it was now—conquer or die;—he preferred the last, whilst endeavouring, in self-defence, to preserve his reputation, to the ignominy of subscribing to the humiliating conditions his arrogant rival presumed to dictate, as the price of his safety:—therefore, with undaunted courage—which increased with the opposition, that had called it forth, and which had awakened all the *man* within

within him—Inglebert was determined to yield but with his life. He avoided another uplifted stroke—disregarded a friendly offer of a like weapon for defence, which the before-mentioned gentleman, who assisted him against Lord Orlington, would have afforded him—rushed forward—caught the stick before it accomplished the purpose Lord Coukthurst intended it—forgot the pain of his arm—seized it with both hands, and so resolutely encountered the now almost exhausted strength of his adversary—which chiefly consisted in nerve and passion—that at last Inglebert again threw him backwards, but his lordship preserving his hold of the stick, they both fell together upon the floor—and either in the fall, or the struggle which they continued to maintain on the ground—the spring of a small tuck, which was concealed within the hollow of the cane got loose, and became an auxiliary in the quarrel, and was at last instrumental in very severely punishing the unmanly aggressor, who, endeavouring to stab

stab Inglebert with it in the body—though it only slightly grazed his side—received it himself through the fleshy part of his own thigh, which it entered, making a very dangerous wound of nearly five inches deep, and that with an instrument exceedingly rusty. This decided the contest, and the combatants separated.

Lord Coulthurst was carried to Orlington house; and Inglebert returned to his apartments, in an agony of mind and body, his worst enemy need not have wished to have seen augmented;—for though he had thus at last proved victorious—he was extremely dissatisfied with himself—dissatisfied that he had not borne with more Christian fortitude, the aggression he had suffered to deprive him of that command of temper, which should in the first instance have prevented him from retorting with so much asperity the defiance he had said—“he despised, and should disregard”—and though the last violence was wholly

wholly unintentional, yet as there was a very great probability of its proving mortal—in that case he should ever after be miserable, as the unhappy cause of hastening out of existence a fellow-creature, and one so every way unfit to die.

“ Besides (reasoned Inglebert, as he threw himself into a chair) Besides, have I not been disgraced in the most public manner?— Have I not been knocked down, and when so, meanly trampled upon, and that by the brother of the woman I love best in existence? Have I not been publicly forbidden ever to hold intercourse with her again, or to enter Orlington-house? Have I not been reproached, vilified, and insulted, for my inferiority to this beloved object, in birth and fortune? And can I ever again endure, thus stigmatized, to meet the public eye, which will now be turned upon me, but with scorn and contempt? How can I blot out this obloquy, but by having recourse

course to an expedient the most sanguinary that man can resort to—MURDER ! and yet this expedient, by the custom of nations calling themselves *civilized*, is denominated honor—*modern honor* ! and the man who obeys not its imperious dictates—in whatever situation of life he may be placed—*dishonored and disgraced*. Well ! be it so. I may hide myself from the world, but not from the eye of my maker, and the reproaches of my conscience. I will not seek this revenge—this *satisfaction*, as it is called. I will not further imbrue my hands in the blood of a fellow-creature—particularly the brother of my beloved Georgiana—nor again forget the lessons of my God ! Had I wholly refrained from violence in the first instance, however the unthinking part of mankind might have contemned my want of spirit—I could have solaced myself with the approbation of my heart, in having firmly adhered to the directions of holy writ ; but now I have the world's contumely, and the reproaches of my

my own conscience, to goad me with continual reproof:—and not only this—but the contest, and the occasion of it I well know, must deeply wound the feelings of my adored Georgiana—and make her fame, the subject of every malignant censorious tongue throughout the kingdom;—this—though God knows how innocently—how unintentionally—this I feel myself the cause of—and am wretched;—for it is almost unreasonable to expect, however she might even wish it, that she should separate the cause from the effect—that when she finds herself the subject of general and invidious misrepresentations—she should not reflect upon me, as the primary cause of all, and severely repent her misplaced attachment to a man, whose birth, fortune, and connections are despised by her family, as degradingly inferior to theirs—whose merit, if he possesses any, is considered by them, but as the natural result of academic leisure; and who, but for the generous countenance and protection of the philanthropic, the noble-minded

mind Sir John Griffiths and his lady, cannot boast a single friend in existence, upon whom, in all vicissitudes, he could rely, for succour and support.

“ My God! and yet this is the man, who has indulged the fond, extravagant hope—who has had the temerity, the folly to think of an union with the lovely, the all-accomplished Georgiana Orlington—gifted by nature—adorned by art—and distinguished by elevated rank. Fool!—madman! that I have been, to suffer my imagination and my passions to get the mastery of my reason—to dwell upon the contemplation of an illusion—the possibility of a good—until my very soul sickens and dies within me at the thought of resigning it. Ah! hope! hope! thou gay, flattering, delusive phantom—how evanescent are thy joys!—how dark thy departing rays! We hug thee to our bosoms, until we believe thy dreams, realities—and can only be persuaded out of the cheat, when,

when, in consequence, some dreadful, unexpected calamity bursts upon our view, and sinks us at once into the abyss of wretchedness—then—O! how bitter—how agonizing the recollection of our senseless, infatuated credulity. then, when thou hast entirely vanished from our sight—and the prospect is all cheerless without, and gloomy within—then comes, in thy stead, the hagard fiend, Despair;—and, with grinning horror, seizes its unresisting victim. Then——But—are these the contemplations—the conclusions of *a Christian*?—of a teacher of Christianity?—Is this the result of thy boasted resignation to the divine will?—Art thou not a man, Inglebert, anxious for the *rewards of eternity*?—and, shall the poor, unsatisfying possessions of this world, because they fade before thee, or elude thy eager grasp—shall they have power to make thee forget the duty thou owest to thy Maker, thy Saviour, thy Judge—the respect due to thyself, as one link in the grand concatenation of existence, and the obligations incumbent upon

thee to perform to society. Shall all these considerations be as nothing in the scale—when put in opposition to the resignation of one beloved object. True! she is all that man can hope of woman! Her mind, more lovely than her person—her soul as pure, as angel innocence—and her understanding still more exalted than her rank in life. And must they all be resigned—all sacrificed to the weak prejudices of mankind—who, because my fortune is cast in an humbler mould, deem my motives base, my actions dishonorable, and my affections guided by sordid interest. Would she be happier united to another, though distinguished by wealth and adventitious honors, unless he possesses equal mental advantages with herself, and loves her with an affection superior to mine:—but this cannot be—he cannot surpass me in love, however superior in every other respect.

“For shame! for shame!—away with such sophistry. She is young—she may yet meet

meet with such a character—she may then be happy with the approbation of all her family connections—and surrounded by all the ties, nature and society have agreed to consider as binding among relatives. Can I alter these established laws and customs, or am I sure she would not hereafter repine at the sacrifice she might now be inclined to make in my favor—of fame, fortune, reputation, and rank : and could I then be happy to witness her dejection, and know myself the cause of it—or endure her looks, which might reproach me, though her tongue was silent? No! it must not be—the die is cast! —Conscience tells me I must submit—and religion has taught me to obey the still, small, voice of that upright monitor, whose decisions, when regulated by the divine precepts of the gospel, *cannot err*. It is past! thy will, O God! be done.”

Thus finished Inglebert's long soliloquy—and his determination was, to write to Miss

Orlinton, and at once resign all hopes—all pretensions to an alliance with her, at least as long as the disapprobation of her family, and the obstacles existed, which now rendered them all so averse to the continuance of their intercourse. He likewise further determined to dedicate himself to the service of his Maker, and to devote his talents, and the remainder of his life, to the pious endeavour of conducting his fellow creatures, by the example and the precepts of his Saviour, through the thorny paths of duty and acquiescence here—to eternal felicity hereafter.

Such were Inglebert's reflections: and such his resolutions, when he retired to write to Sir John Griffiths, a relation of these particulars—and to Miss Orlinton the result of his before mentioned determination.

To Sir John, he faithfully, and without reserve, entered into an history of his feelings
for

for the last two years; recounted with minute exactness, every circumstance of the foregoing: lamented his own infatuation, in having at first so tacitly resigned himself to the pleasing, though dangerous delusion, of thinking, that he could with safety contemplate so much virtue, and beauty, as were united in the lovely Miss Orlington, and cultivate her friendship, without subjecting either to the consequences of a passion—which, on his part, was condemned as actuated by sordid interest: and on hers, disapproved as favouring pretensions so greatly inferior to her own and family's rank in life: expressed some concern, that the prejudices of pride, which places all happiness in wealth and distinction, should possess the power of destroying the rational enjoyments within our reach. And with unfeigned sorrow lamented, that the customs and passions of mankind were so greatly at variance, and dissimilar to the principles of that religion, which teaches us to love and

forgive each other : which teaches us the necessity of subduing those passions that engender strife, hatred, and revenge : revenge that thirsts for blood ; though the *honorable* men of the world, agree in countenancing each other in the direct reverse of this peaceable disposition, which *they* denominate—cowardice—want of spirit—pusillanimity ; —and upon all occasions—and some of them trivial and ridiculous to the last degree—will seek this detestable revenge, as the only reparation for an hasty word uttered in the heat of passion, or it may be for a malicious report, the circulator of which, has however an equal chance of proving the victor, as he that is injured ; and then, what becomes of the criterion resorted to, but an additional means of extending the mischief to a still wider circle : of involving perhaps, a wife—and helpless family in the utmost misery—if not irretrievable ruin : because it is impossible, without this appeal, to vindicate, or preserve the character of a man of honor and courage, when
once

once attacked by impudence, malice, violence, or misconception—"but (concluded Inglebert) though I have been disgraced with the utmost publicity, and accused of the most shameful violation of duty—of gratitude—of friendship—and of honor, that can render a man odious to society, and despicable in his own eyes: yet knowing the rectitude of my own heart—should the world be inclined to view my actions through this false—this distorted medium—and refuse to credit my representation of things—I will still contentedly endure the utmost that either ignorance, or malice, can further propagate to my disadvantage, than have recourse to any means for redress, contrary to that doctrine, and that christian system, I have taken for the government of my conduct, and which as a criterion of truth and falsehood—of right and wrong, I hold superior to all human authority."

This

This letter, though a long one, Inglebert had written with the utmost ease, and found no difficulty in expressing himself in language at once elegant, and appropriate; but when he began the one to Miss Orlington, and reflected that he was then about to address her, in all human probability, for the last time, to resign all hopes of an union, on which he had placed every expectation of earthly felicity—his ideas become distracted, and he could neither command words, nor sentiments, to convey a determination so agonizing to his mind, and so destructive of his happiness.

He began and destroyed more than twenty letters, and at last could not satisfy himself with any one:—this was too passionate—and that was too cold—too distant to convey any adequate idea of his sufferings—whilst others were too ceremonious, considering their friendship and confidence, to convince his still beloved Georgiana, that he submitted
only

only to the untoward circumstances of destiny, and the imperious demands of the world, and not to any alteration in the feelings of his heart.

At last he finished one, which though it but faintly expressed the conflicting passions of his bosom, was neither deficient in tenderness, nor respect; but sufficiently decisive to convince those who knew him, no alluring gratification—no personal advantage—would be able to shake his firm resolves; or tempt him to act contrary to the dictates of conscience, when that monitor appeared to be supported by reason and religion.

In this letter he bad a final adieu to every hope he had lately so fondly cherished; expressed his intention of retiring from the university, to a small living he then possessed in the neighbourhood of his father: where he said—he would endeavour, by discharging the active duties of religion, and his filial obligations

ligations, to avoid the gloom of the ascetic, and the folly of the misanthropist: and hoped in time to recover that serenity of mind, he acknowledged these circumstances had at present destroyed, and which he feared, would, for a length of time, render him ungrateful to providence, and insensible of the blessings still remaining to console his afflictions:—declared her exalted virtues and particular kindness to himself, were too indelibly engraven on his heart, for any thing but the icy hand of death ever to obliterate;—that he should ever remember, (though with a painful satisfaction) he was once distinguished by her good opinion—her esteem—her friendship—and that but for the prejudices of the world, he might have been blessed—supremely blessed; in the possession and enjoyment of a treasure he prized infinitely superior to every other earthly good, though greatly beyond his deserts, or what he reasonably could have indulged a hope of;—reflected but little on the conduct of her brother, and entirely omitted his dastardly behavior

behavior, during his encounter with Lord Coulthurst.

This Letter he transmitted in his other to Sir John, requesting Lady Griffiths would have the goodness to deliver it herself to her friend Miss Orlington, as he apprehended it might otherwise never reach her—and to remove every objection as to the propriety of that Lady's complying with his request, he left it unsealed, that if she chose, she might satisfy herself, he had not solicited her interference in any thing improper, or clandestine.

These Inglebert dispatched, and hoped the consciousness of having acted with honor, would support him through the conflict: but he felt his spirits were extremely agitated—his brain burned—and his pulse beat high—it was now late in the evening—he left his apartment—descended to the college garden, in hopes the air would relieve the excruciating pains of his head, and that he should be
able

able to arrange his ideas and intentions for the future, with more consistency, when he became a little more cool, than at this time, he found it possible to do.

Inglebert reasoned and reflected, knew what was right, and intended strictly to adhere to that line of conduct : but in vain he attempted to carry his mind forward to any other subject, or consideration—he had renounced for ever, his idolized Georgiana (for the probability of her family's consent, appeared now even to himself, chimerical to excess)—he had resigned every hope of earthly felicity, and was wretched—completely wretched—the more so, as he contrasted what was—with what might have been his state—and reflected on the happiness he had enjoyed, now imbittered by the recollection it was past, and gone for ever—Ah! sighed Inglebert to himself as he traversed the garden alone—“Ah! had I at first exerted my reason resolutely, and not indulged vain hopes—
had

had I not deluded my mind with the supposition, that no ill could possibly result from my intercourse with an angel; and that I could be satisfied with her friendship in return for unbounded love—my mind would not now be a prey to these torturing inquietudes—would not have to dwell upon the dreadful idea of having perhaps contributed to the destruction of a fellow-creature, whose life may be required at my hand, and whom I may have deprived of the opportunity allotted for repentance and amendment—would not have to reflect on the unhappiness my Georgiana may experience from her misplaced attachment, and the reproaches of her unkind relations; reproaches, that alas! will recoil with tenfold poignancy on this devoted head—and I should not have to regret my own weakness as the cause of all.”—

For now—when almost too late—was Inglebert sensible, how very dangerous it is to our peace of mind, to indulge ourselves in

an unlimited intercourse with an amiable fascinating woman, when obstacles of any kind, render an union objectionable; and how very ingenious the human mind is, in devising sophisms and expedients, to lull asleep the suggestions of prudence, when the beloved object has taken possession of the heart, and become necessary to our happiness.—At first we denominate the sentiment friendship, until it has entwined itself so entirely around every feeling of our nature, and blended itself with every thought and desire of our souls, that it is then almost in vain—without at the same time destroying our own peace—to attempt to break the enchantment, or dispel this pleasing delusion, presenting itself as the only good heaven can bestow; or mortal life afford us; and though every principle of honor—nay love, demands the sacrifice, we still cling to the possibility of a remote hope, which, if in defiance of reason is attended to, seldom fails of implanting in our minds, either the keen an-
guish

guish of an hopeless, unrequited flame ; or the still greater misery of a wounded, disapproving conscience—the worst of all tormentors.—

Inglebert had considered all this, and was lost in the contemplation ; when he was suddenly aroused by “ So, Mr Inglebert ! I understand you have brought yourself into a fine situation : grown giddy by the attentions we have so liberally paid you here—you have strangely forgotten yourself, and have had the insolence to attack, without provocation, two worthy noblemen, whose rank—so infinitely superior to yours—should have taught you more respect, and required submission on your part : not that haughty pride which has led you to disgrace the order to which you belong—and endanger the life of my worthy friend and patron, Lord Coulthurst :—but I fancy, young man, you will find it necessary to be a little less arrogant, and more submissive, for the future ;

for I am informed, a prosecution is intended to be commenced against you :—nay, that it is not unlikely but you may lose your gown, and be expelled from college.”

This warm friend and defender of Lord Coulthurst might have continued much longer, without interruption from Inglebert, whose astonishment was so great, and feelings so exquisite, that they wholly deprived him of the faculty of speech—and he stood almost petrified, and without motion, listening to the false and perverted relation of this Demagogue, who appeared to take a malicious pleasure in overwhelming—by a fabrication he well knew to be utterly destitute of truth—the feelings of a man, whom he had had many opportunities of knowing to be infinitely more solicitous of acquiring the reputation of a *conscientious christian*, than that of the proudest conqueror of the world.—

At

At last, Inglebert broke silence, and assured Dr. Blackman, he had been grossly imposed upon, with regard to the statement he had given, and the circumstances alluded to : for that it was with infinite reluctance he had, even at last, in self defence, repelled force by force, and even then, not until his own life had been repeatedly endangered by the brutal violence of Lord Coulthurst, the unprovoked aggressor.

This the Dr. affected wholly to discredit, and left Inglebert, muttering, he would dearly repent his presumption.

Inglebert returned to his apartment in a state of the most torturing inquietude, and passed another wretched sleepless night. For though he endeavoured, by reason and religion, to fortify his mind against the calamities which appeared to be fast gathering around him ; he could not, for a single moment, abstract his thoughts from the two most

afflicting of all considerations—that of supposing himself, in some degree, accessory to murder;—and that of having resigned for ever, all hopes of an union with Miss Orington.

It was now early in the morning. The excessive fatigue his mind and body had undergone, the last two days, urged him to seek repose. He had just thrown himself on the bed, when he was most agreeably relieved by the return of his servant, announcing the arrival of his excellent friend and patron, the benevolent Sir John Griffiths, who, the moment it was light, had set off from Walton-Park, and travelled thirty miles before breakfast, purposely to dispel those gloomy apprehensions, which, he feared, from the domestic's account of his master's hurried and distracted manner, lacerated the bosom of Inglebert: and in order, as Sir John himself afterwards observed, that should any thing unpleasant ensue, his influence and authority might
serve

serve as a kind of counterbalance to the power or malice of the Lord's Orlington and Coulthurst, or any of their partizans; which soon afterwards proved to be the case; for without this support, the former would have succeeded to the utmost of his wishes.

Whilst Sir John and Inglebert were at breakfast, an officer entered, with a warrant against the latter, for the assault: and Lord Coulthurst's surgeon was ready to swear to his Lordship's life being in imminent danger; intending by this means, to secure Inglebert's commitment to prison, until the Peer should be pronounced in a state of convalescence.—

But extremely fortunate for Inglebert, as Sir John, himself and the officer, were proceeding to the house of the magistrate who had granted the warrant, they met the gentleman, who the day before had afforded Inglebert such friendly assistance, and who
proved

proved a very old acquaintance of Sir John's, and the most intimate friend of the magistrate's. He therefore accompanied them.— Was heard with the utmost attention—swore to the fact of Lord Coulthurst being the aggressor—that his wound was the effect of accident, though entirely produced by his own misconduct;—and, that Inglebert had just cause of complaint against both peers. This altered the case most materially. The magistrate admitted him to bail, and he retired once more triumphant and at liberty. Whilst Lord Orlington, who with another of his choice companions had attended, in hopes of witnessing the confusion and humiliation of the *parson*—departed thoroughly chagrined, and mortified to find all their schemes frustrated by the interposition of persons possessing equal power and influence with themselves.—

But still Inglebert had more mortifications to encounter, for on his return to college
alone,

alone (Sir John having left him to call upon Miss Orlington), he found himself shunned by most of the heads and fellows of the university: They, prejudiced by the accounts Dr. Blackman had very industriously circulated, were all prepared to censure and condemn, without further investigation, the conduct and actions of a man, who, far from being reprehensible, was entitled to the commendation of every friend of humanity and social order.

Sir John found Miss Orlington in a state bordering on distraction.—She knew nothing of the particulars, but what she had received from the exaggerated account of her brother, who spared neither invective nor falsehood, to answer his purpose; and though she gave but little credit to *his* relation of the circumstances of the affray; yet as the surgeon had declared, in her presence, the wound of Lord Coulthurst was extremely dangerous; that it had been received in a rencontre with Inglebert,

bert, and that a warrant was granted for his apprehension : all her tenderness, her affections, and her fears, united to torment and terrify her into the belief, that something dreadful would ensue.

When first she was informed of the event by her brother, she discredited the whole of his account with regard to the culpability of Inglebert ; and left him rather hastily, in the expectation of meeting with some one less prejudiced, from whom she might obtain a more accurate detail.

She drove from one place to another, and from one friend's to a second, and in this manner had spent the previous evening, though she gained but little information, and still less satisfaction ; for notwithstanding every countenance appeared surcharged with intelligence, and big with a meaning she wished, yet feared to have explained, all were silent, in her presence, upon the subject that alone engrossed

engrossed the entire possession of her thoughts; but their looks evidently spoke a language, their tongues appeared eager to utter, and they only waited her absence, to indulge in all the unrestrained suggestions of dear delightful scandal.

She at last returned to Orlington house vexed, and agitated beyond what she had ever before experienced.

Lord Orlington met her as she entered, and began a taunting philippic upon the extreme impropriety of her whole conduct in regard to Inglebert, thinking she would not now venture to retort upon him in her usual sarcastic manner; but though she was little disposed to engage in the playful sallies of satirical humour, with which she sometimes amused herself at his expence, yet she was still less inclined to bear his rancourous reproofs with patience. After some time spent in altercation, she reminded him, it was not

so very long since she had devoted all her time, and exerted the utmost resources of *her* mind, to sooth and relieve his, from the horrors and reproaches of a guilty wounded conscience; and in return for those affectionate attentions, he was now endeavouring to render her life as miserable as possible, though he could not charge her with an action, or a thought, that was really in itself culpable, or in the smallest degree dishonourable.

“ And can you, brother (continued Miss Orlington) so soon forget the solemn promises you made when you felt the weight of afflictions, the anguish of remorse, and expressed yourself grateful for my exertions to alleviate their poignancy: when you declared no time or circumstance should ever obliterate from your remembrance the consolation I then afforded you; and that your future life should be spent in endeavours to render mine happy. Ah, Charles! will you then forget

forget all this, merely to support the interests of a worthless friend, or to gratify a contemptible pride, the offspring of pique and prejudice—can you”—Here they were interrupted by the entrance of the person who accompanied his lordship the next morning to the magistrates, or had they remained alone a few moments longer, she most probably would have succeeded in softening and bending him to her wishes; but ever the slave of the last speaker, his good intentions were soon obliterated, and in another moment, his determination was to *humble the parson*.

This was the situation of affairs between the brother and sister, when Sir John Griffiths waited upon Miss Orlington—entered into a detail of every particular relative to the dispute, and gave her Inglebert's letter. Various and rapid were the emotions of her mind as she listened, first to the narrative of Sir John, and then during her perusal of the letter.—Grief, joy, anger,

contempt, admiration, and a variety of conflicting passions alternately agitated her bosom, and so powerfully struggled for mastery, that it was with extreme difficulty, from the excess of her feelings, she preserved herself from fainting.

At last she grew rather more composed, and requested Sir John would suffer her to return with him to his lady for a few days, during which time she should have a better opportunity, and more leisure, to determine upon her future plans :—for the present, if he would take charge of a note to Inglebert, which should contain not more than ten words, and which she would first offer to his perusal, and be guided by his superior judgment with regard to its propriety ; she would pledge her word, that in every future step, she would submit her actions to their scrutiny, and be wholly directed by the disinterested advice she was confident would alone influence their decisions.

After

After some farther deliberation, relative to her family connexions, it was agreed she should spend a few days at Walton Park—that Inglebert should remain at college, and that every endeavour should be exerted to effect a perfect reconciliation among all parties; but that if the proposed means should unfortunately prove ineffectual, then—Sir John observed—it would remain for her to determine upon the line of conduct she should consider best calculated to promote her real happiness; remembering, that if she decided in favour of Mr. Inglebert's pretensions to her regard, she decided a matter of the very utmost importance, and upon which, would in a great measure, depend the whole of her future happiness or misery.

These points agreed upon, Sir John left Miss Orlington, and returned to Inglebert, whom he found still more difficult to persuade to wait the issue of this intended application, or suffer any to be made on his

behalf to her friends, which he considered but as exposing himself to their further insults and contempt:—but Sir John at last prevailed in obtaining his promise, that, for the present, he would suffer things to remain as they were, nor take any step to remove himself from college, until the result could be ascertained with regard to his own and Lady Griffith's interference, which, if unsuccessful, he might then have recourse to the plans mentioned in his letters.

Miss Orlington had resided nearly three weeks at Walton Park; her brother's opposition to her wishes still continuing the same; and the wound of Lord Coulthurst as yet thought to be extremely dangerous.

Sir John, his Lady, and herself, were sitting one evening conversing upon these subjects, when, in unreserved confidence, Miss Orlington at last observed:—"My brother's strange dislike of Mr. Inglebert, and
his

his disapprobation of my continuing any further intercourse with him, were they founded on reason, or justice, however painful to my feelings such a renunciation might prove, or however difficult the task of resigning an object once beloved, still I would not hesitate to comply with the recommendations of fraternal regard, or the suggestions of virtuous sincerity, anxious for my eternal, as well as temporal happiness;—but his dislike, and consequent disapprobation, are only with regard to Mr. Inglebert's birth and fortune—the first, because he cannot boast any alliance with nobility—the last, because he possesses not a superabundance of wealth, which, when possessed, can neither purchase nor ensure happiness.

“ Could Charles prove to me, that he whom I regard was weak or wicked—that he laboured under imbecility of mind, or was distinguished for immorality of conduct—then would I acquiesce in the propriety of his

o 3 disapprobation,

disapprobation, and discard from my remembrance, and my affections, a man who might either disgrace my family, or involve me in wretchedness :—then would I esteem and love the brother, whose affectionate solicitude would save from misery and dishonor, a thoughtless infatuated sister, incapable of discerning her true interest, or the respect due, either to her family or herself;—but, my friends, you know me incapable of such conduct, of such weakness of mind—you know the object of my regard—his worth—his virtues—tell me then, would you not consider me as destitute of every principle of honor and rectitude, and as unworthy to possess his affections, as my brother would fain represent my late conduct in permitting his attentions—could I now discard him, for the reasons assigned, or to gratify that pride, which proceeds from *the force of prejudice*?—No, I am sure my friends, you would dispise me, could I be guilty of such meanness, or, from such motives, disregard

regard Mr. Inglebert, when I amply possess, myself, the means of obviating every inequality of fortune;—and, with regard to birth, were he in this respect my inferior (but, from what I can learn, I believe his family were very respectable when ours could boast but little distinction) still the refuter of Hume and Gibbon could not fail of obtaining that notice, applause, and respect from the world, which many a titled arrogant, with all his boasted superiority of wealth and rank, can scarcely exact when present, and knows is never paid him when absent;—and whilst the memory of the one is venerated as a general benefactor of mankind, long after death has destroyed his vital existence, and his family may have become extinct—the other ceases to be remembered—or remembered perhaps only for his vices—as soon as the grave hides him from our view.

“ Surely

“Surely then my friends, you will consider my conduct in refusing to renounce Mr. Inglebert, not only justifiable, but strictly honorable—and countenance me in the resolution of giving him my hand, as soon as I attain that age my honored father was pleased to name, as the termination of my minority.”

Miss Orlington's candour and resolution were applauded, both by Sir John and his lady, who considered virtue and untitled happiness, far superior to vice and splendid misery:—nor was this point the only one on which they differed from the generality of mankind;—they could receive and dispense felicity, though the whole of their time was not passed in the gay world, amidst scenes of dissipation;—for they derived their chief solace from being able to succour the widow—the fartherless—the stranger:—to see all around them happy;—and to know themselves, under Providence, the authors of it all.

The

The following evening, as the several parties to the foregoing conversation, were again pursuing the same subjects, they were suddenly interrupted by the arrival of a messenger to Sir John, who brought him dispatches from Devonshire, containing the information, that the late incumbent, of a very valuable living in his gift, had, a few days before, suddenly expired in an apoplectic fit. This was entirely unexpected, as the person here alluded to was not quite forty—considered of an excellent constitution—and only the week before had been at Walton Park in perfect health.

Sir John, after paying the tribute of a sigh to departed worth, and making a few melancholy reflections upon the instability of all sublunary prospects, and human happiness in particular, recollected he now possessed the power of most essentially promoting the interests of his young friend, by presenting him to this living, which was
estimated

estimated to be worth about 850l. per annum; and in order to have the satisfaction of more agreeably surprising Inglebert, by congratulating him in person, on his good fortune, Sir John, the next morning, sat off early for Cambridge, where, on his arrival, his pleasure was somewhat allayed, by finding Inglebert just on the point of stepping into a post-chaise to attend his father, whose life was supposed to be in the most imminent danger, from a violent contusion he had received in his loins, by the falling of a large piece of timber, and which ultimately occasioned his death.

CHAP. V.

But happy they ! the happiest of their kind !
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love ;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enlightened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul,
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing
will,
With boundless confidence ; for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

THOMPSON.

WHEN we look into real life, and accurately develope the several motives which influence

influence the conduct, of by far the greatest portion of mankind;—how little of all that dazzles the superficial observer, is there to envy, or applaud in human actions; or to ascribe to the suggestions of that ennobling, that divine principle, REASON, which places man so pre-eminently above the brute creation, and gives him the power, if he would exercise it with sound discretion, of enjoying, not only present, but eternal felicity.—But no! ambition! that restless, that insatiate enemy to repose, destroys the happiness it affects to be in pursuit of, by placing the chief good in—Wealth, Rank, and Distinction, instead of Piety, Benevolence, and Content. And how often are we compelled to view—Honor, Peace, Friendship, and every virtue of the soul, sacrificed to gain an object, that not unfrequently in possession satiates, or perhaps ultimately tends to our own destruction.

Thus

Thus the generality of parents in the disposal of their children, seldom look to the moral, or religious principles of the object selected—or for a coincidence in taste, sentiments, and pursuits; but, like the friends and connections of Miss Orlington, are infinitely more solicitous for the advantages of wealth, or present aggrandisement, without the other essentials of happiness, than for a mind enlightened by knowledge, or a heart enamoured of virtue, if only endowed with a mediocrity of fortune.

But the short space of a few months effected a very material alteration in the sentiments of those, hitherto so adverse to an union between Inglebert and Miss Orlington; for though it would have been still more gratifying to their consequence, to have succeeded in promoting an alliance with a man of elevated rank like Lord Coulthurst, whose children, if not himself, might probably succeed to a dukedom; yet one very

strong objection was now removed; Inglebert was in possession of more than 1600*l.* per annum, exclusive of what his literary labours might produce him.

This alteration in circumstances, the unwearied endeavours and importunities of Sir John and Lady Griffiths to effect a reconciliation, and the evident determination of Miss Orlington to dispose of herself without their concurrence, if they continued to withhold it, were inducements that at last prevailed with them to receive, as a relative—the Rector of——, (who would shortly be entitled to the appellation of *Doctor* before his name) and the immediate possessor of nearly 800*l.* per annum, landed property: when no consideration would have ever reconciled them to the pretensions of Erasmus Inglebert, the humble possessor of virtues and talents, had he remained without being further distinguished by the pecuniary and ennobling favors of fortune.

Lord

Lord Coulthurst, after a long and painful illness, recovered, but remained lame unto his death; and, without intending it, very considerably contributed in bringing about a reconciliation between Lord Orlington and his sister—for finding his affairs desperate, and thinking but lightly of the turpitude of fleecing his friend, he one afternoon, substituted loaded dice at hazard, and won a very considerable sum of Lord Orlington; the latter saw something of the manœuvre, yet fearing the consequences, should he attempt to detect or expose his noble companion, quietly put up with the loss, left off play, and soon after gave his lordship to understand, that as he had some thoughts of going abroad, it might be convenient to let his house, and, in that case, he must deny himself the pleasure of a longer continuance of his visit. This the other perfectly comprehended; but not considering it quite prudent to quarrel, and finding nothing more likely to be obtained from the

connexion, with many expressions of regard and friendship, which his heart was incapable of cherishing for any one, left this *dear friend*, to try his talents for intrigue upon some other, equally superficial, and as well adapted to his purpose, with more influence over an unmarried female relative.

In the mean time Inglebert had fulfilled the several melancholy offices which had devolved upon him in consequence of his father's death; and had paid his respects and acknowledgments at Walton Park, where he still found his beloved Miss Orlington, with whom he passed one day, before he sat off for Devonshire to take possession of his living, which, under other circumstances, would have proved a day of rapture and felicity; for his Georgiana scrupled not to assure him, her regard was unaltered, and her resolves still remained unshaken. But the recent loss he had sustained of a parent whom he had indeed tenderly revered,
weighed

weighed heavily on his spirits; in vain he attempted to chase sadness from his heart; and even that which was a source of joy, was likewise productive of some degree of mental anguish; for a late proof of paternal affection recurred continually to his recollection, and affected him much, as he contemplated the lovely object who had occasioned its being called forth.

The delicate situation in which Inglebert was placed, had prevented him from mentioning any of the foregoing particulars to his father, who, until he became acquainted from public report, knew nothing of his son's attachment to Miss Orlington, the rencontre between him and Lord Coulthurst, its termination, or the disapprobation of the lady's family to the alliance, on account of his apparent deficiency in respect of fortune: but a person who had been a spectator at the library of the whole of the dispute, happening to pass through the same county,

and dining at a friends, where Mr. Inglebert the elder was in company, began the relation of the late affray, without knowing the father was present: it was now too late to endeavour at any concealment; he therefore impartially, and as far as he himself had any knowledge of the several transactions, proceeded and related all he knew, mentioning the affair at the magistrates the following morning, and the interest Sir John Griffiths appeared to take in all that concerned his young friend.

The baronet's kind attentions to Inglebert, the father was before well acquainted with, though a stranger to most of the other events; he therefore immediately wrote to Sir John, thanked him in very handsome terms for the support, he understood, he had afforded his son, and proposed—if that would remove any of the objections and impediments to Inglebert's happiness, he would instantly make over to him the whole
of

of his estates, reserving only for himself one small farm, which, he said, would amply repay him for the resignation of the remainder, and from its cultivation he should derive health, peace, and a sufficient competence to answer all the demands—an old man like him could have upon fortune. And as for any thing further, his only wish, was to live to see his Erasmus happily married.—

This, when first known, was considered by Sir John, his lady and Miss Orlington, as the most affectionate, and disinterested proof of solicitude, for a son's welfare, that a parent could possibly express; and the old gentleman rose proportionably in their esteem, from so amiable a trait of character. Miss Orlington was particularly delighted, as it satisfied her mind, that though she was about to connect herself with a family, whom the prejudices of the world denominated her inferiors in local situation, yet she felt, that
in

in virtues, they were her equals; and, with much exultation, she exclaimed to these friends, upon again perusing this letter,

————— he, whose mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind;
Tho' poor in fortune, of celestial race,
And he commits the crime, who calls him base.

• • • •

For true nobility is of the mind,
Not giv'n by chance, and not to chance resign'd.

DRYDEN'S *Boccace's Sigismonda*
and *Guiscardo*.

This letter, which had excited such general satisfaction, Sir John answered without waiting to consult Inglebert; and assured the old gentleman, that Miss Orlington, (the lady most interested) Lady Griffiths, and himself, had been so highly gratified by the perusal of his letter, that they knew not which most to admire, the son who deserved, or the father who gave so exalted a poof of parental affection: and entreated to have the pleasure

pleasure of being better acquainted with a man, capable of making so noble a sacrifice to promote the happiness of others: requested to see him, as soon as convenient, at Walton Park; and concluded by saying, that, in the present instance, he hoped there would not be any absolute occasion to have recourse to the method proposed; as he trusted, they would be able to do away every objection that at present obstructed the completion of their several wishes.

Miss Orlington added a few lines, in which she expressed her admiration of the generosity of the offer; but assured him that fortune could never influence her mind: for that *her* father, had taught her to appreciate virtue, honor, and abilities, superior to all adventitious superiority, and that a very short time would give her the right to dispose of herself and fortune, without being fettered by any restrictions that should need his resignation of so large a portion of his property,

perty, and hoped to have the happiness, before long, of subscribing herself with sincerity, by an appellation she already truly venerated.

But the good old gentleman lived not to enjoy this happiness, though he was thereby satisfied, Inglebert's hopes rested on a very promising foundation, and he departed in the fullest confidence, his exertions, and the education he had enabled him to acquire, would be productive of both present, and future felicity; and resigned himself to the will of the Almighty, perfectly contented with all his dispensations.

When his papers came to be examined, Inglebert found one, sealed and addressed for Miss Orlington. This was opened at Walton Park, on the day above alluded to, and contained a most respectful, affectionate answer to her late letter, acknowledging her goodness, and entreating, that if no other
cause

cause impeded their union, not to wait the customary twelve months after his decease, for that he was persuaded he should live in their recollections, long after the time custom rendered necessary to wear the semblance of sorrow—and that if his memory, and earnest request, were held in any estimation, he trusted the ceremony would take place within the next three months.

This injunction was so ably supported by Sir John and Lady Griffiths, that after Lord Orlington and family had at last given a reluctant acquiescence to the union, and before the expiration of six months, Inglebert had the supreme felicity of leading to the alter, the amiable Georgiana Orlington, whose mind and disposition were in a very superior degree calculated for domestic and general happiness; and which principally arose from one precept her father had early impressed upon her mind—"Submit all your intentions to the examination of reason,

reason, and let your reason be governed by the divine precepts of the gospel."—This admonition, during the whole of Inglebert's life, was so invariably the actuating principle of all his actions, that scarcely a wish ever formed itself in the mind of Georgiana, contrary to its dictates; or if for a moment some wild desire, inimical to so pure a sentiment presented itself, the mild and irrefragable arguments of him on whom her soul doated with the fondest affection, soon exposed its fallacy, and destroyed the delusive appearance it might have assumed to deceive her judgment: and but in one particular of her life did she ever sacrifice an hour's repose to that enemy of human felicity—"the force of prejudice."—But in that one particular, she was for several years a wretched example, how easy a task it is, when reason appears but another name for inclination, to suppose ourselves under the guidance of her wise directions: but when passion acts as an auxiliary to prejudice, and lends
its

its impetuous influence to a favorite desire, how difficult—how very difficult it is, to act consistently with the principles we profess. Yet if we are really sincere, and anxious to enjoy the rewards of an hereafter, we must submit our actions here to the controul of reason and religion; or ultimately be wretched in every situation.

Though to return to the more immediate objects of our consideration.

Inglebert and his lovely bride, soon after their marriage, went into Devonshire, to reside for some time at the Rectory. Here they made a much longer stay than they at first intended; during which time the little Adelaide Faulkner, now nearly three years old, attracted much of their attention. She was a most beautiful child—appeared to possess much sensibility of mind, great quickness of genius, and liveliness of disposition, joined to a most gentle, insinuating
VOL. I. 2 deportment,

deportment, which irresistibly obtained an influence over the affections you wished not to repress. They took her to reside wholly with them; and at last grew so remarkably attached to her infantine attractions, that they educated her at home; and afterwards introduced her to all their connexions, as the daughter of a gentleman for whom the late Lord Orlington had entertained a particular regard.

The usual time elapsed, and the happiness of this virtuous couple received an increase, by the birth of a lovely boy, who even in earliest infancy, gave promise of future fame. They educated him with all the anxious care an only child could possibly experience; but without any of that faulty indulgence which so often proves injurious to the morals, pursuits, and future happiness of the object on whom it is so injudiciously lavished.

At

At five years old the young Erasmus was no mean proficient in scholastic knowledge : but the father's chief study and solicitude, was to lead his child to look—"from nature, up to nature's God"—to see in all things—"him first, him last, him midst, and without end"—to teach him nothing that had not religion for its basis, and virtue for its head:—"to pour the fresh instruction o'er his mind"—and to seek every opportunity of improving him in—"knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure, sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss." And before the young Erasmus was ten years old, his parents had the exquisite satisfaction of finding him at that period, all their anxious hopes could desire. His learning equalled his abilities ; and his abilities were only exceeded by his virtues: and so strongly had his parents inculcated the love of truth, and a scrupulous adherence to veracity, in even the most minute particular, that in every event, Erasmus kept in mind a recommenda-

tion his father taught him of the celebrated Dr. Johnson, who once observed to a lady—
“ If a thing occurs, madam, at one window, do not say it happened at the other.”

The fond parents of this promising boy, had given their adopted Adelaide Faulkner nearly a similar education:—and it formed the chief happiness of their lives, to witness the infant minds of these lovely children, unfolding to virtue, and to knowledge.—For their ductile dispositions received every virtue, and pursued every instruction with as much avidity and pleasure, as in other periods of life we derive from seeking the immediate gratification of some favorite desire.

Adelaide was rather more than three years the senior of Erasmus; but their recreations, their studies, and their pursuits, had hitherto been so nearly alike, that their dispositions imperceptibly grew the same, and produced

so strong a similarity, that not a difference of opinion upon any one subject, had ever as yet subsisted between them: all now was harmony and peace! for like the happy pair who reared them, it was—"thought meeting thought, and will preventing will."—Yet, alas! these are the peculiar concomitants of youth and innocence, and but very rarely known beyond that period. Happy state! that leaves no stain of guilt upon our minds to dash our recollections of the past, or turn them all to agony. Peaceful joys! how quickly ye are gone. And then succeeds the wild tumultuous passions of maturer age, which if they yield us moments of ecstasy, exact in return, months and years of pain.

CHAP. VI.

Perhaps kind heav'n in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth, thy roving soul to teach:
To wean thy heart from grov'ling views below,
And point out bliss beyond misfortune's reach:
To shew that all the flatt'ring schemes of joy,
Which tow'ring hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.
Then O! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain.

SHAW.

BUT, in the present instance, as a reward for undeviating integrity, year had succeeded to year, and the last still appeared to add something to the happiness of the former; for Inglebert, and the fair partner
of

of his joys, had experienced in calm tranquillity, every delight that can possibly flow from a consciousness of having fulfilled (as far as fallible mortals can fulfill) every duty enjoined them by their God, or required of them by society: and blessed in each others love—the growing virtues, and scholastic acquirements of their darling boy—the undiminished friendship of Sir John and Lady Griffiths—the esteem and regard of all who knew them—and the fond affectionate attentions (which were all that even parental care, and tenderness could require or expect) of their adopted Adelaide—they knew no sorrow but what was occasioned by the distresses of the unfortunate;—nor any anxiety but what arose from their desire to alleviate the miseries of the afflicted.

Such were the instructors who superintended the education of the young Erasmus and Adelaide, and by whose assiduous care, and animating example they were formed,
and

and first taught to distinguish between truth and falsehood—good and evil:—to acquire all the virtues of the heart and mind—the advantages of science—the accomplishments of polished society—and the amiable characteristics of retired life. And in all their subsequent actions, they evinced themselves fully deserving of every attention bestowed upon their education, and every indulgence they had otherwise experienced, by the most strict and uniform adherence to precepts thus early inculcated, and by a rectitude of conduct, their more than father had with unceasing diligence whilst living, and unabated affection when quitting life, endeavoured to establish.

Erasmus was now nearly eleven years old, and Adelaide just preparing to celebrate the anniversary of her fourteenth birth-day: when an event took place that at once interrupted these preparations, and for a long time
plunged

plunged the survivors in the deepest affliction.

Inglebert the father, had for some time attended a sick family in his neighbourhood, and in the two-fold capacity of physician and pastor, had administered to the body every assistance that either beneficence or medicine could afford—and, to the mind, every consolation that soothing pity, or the superior aids of religion, were calculated to produce.

But, the ways of Providence, how inscrutable!—To day we exult in hope!—To morrow we are buried in despair!—When, were we permitted to penetrate the veil of futurity, we should acknowledge, with humble resignation, and heart felt gratitude, our own blindness, and the infinite wisdom and mercy of that Almighty decree, which here so often appears to destroy our fancied felicity.

Thus

Thus was it with the family of Inglebert. —They felt the blow; and for a while murmured at the dispensations of the all-wise God.

The sick persons whom Inglebert had so humanely attended, slowly recovered, but the malignancy of the distemper communicated itself to this truly benevolent, and valuable man; and at last terminated his existence.

The moment of separation here on earth arrived.—The messenger of Omnipotence summoned Inglebert to eternal joys, and everlasting rewards: but the struggles of nature—the agonizing distraction of a beloved wife, about to lose in him, an husband endeared to her by ten thousand ties, which now, for nearly twelve years, had been daily growing stronger—and the presence of his weeping children, sensible of the loss *they* were about to sustain—for a moment wrung
his

his bosom with woe unutterable.—This was the bitter agony of a passing dream that as quickly vanished as the fleeting phantasms of the brain: for the angel of consolation whispered to his troubled mind, the ecstatic bliss prepared for those who die in the Lord. He was again calm—recalled his fortitude—extended one hand to his Georgiana, the other to his boy; looked upon each with the fondest affection—drew both to his panting bosom—called to his Adelaide (who had hid her face in the folds of the curtains to prevent his hearing the hysteric sobs which gratitude and love equally forced from her almost bursting heart)—and at last, after a moment's pause, but in which, all the husband, father, benefactor and friend, beamed in every feature—with a voice soft and unbroken;—and a serene countenance which sufficiently denoted his inward hope—he thus severally addressed them.—

“ O thou!

“O thou! of all earthly objects, long dearest to my heart!—Thou! for whom it yet throbs with undiminished affection—receive the last, parting blessing, that my lips can utter for your happiness.—May the Almighty bless you with his choicest blessings here on earth, and reward you with never-ending joys in heaven: where, doubt not my love, but we shall meet again, be sensible of a former existence, and through all eternity be happy.

“And you, my darling boy, Erasmus!—though but young in years, from the maturity of your understanding at this early period, I still have hopes you will yet nobly repay the anxious—the very many anxious hours, your mother and myself have devoted to the improvement of your heart and mind:—remember the sacred lessons of revealed religion we have together taught you, and you can never long deviate from the straight paths of rectitude and peace. Love truth; but,

but, above all things, seek *the God of truth*—love—revere—and strictly obey his commands, and then my child, you cannot fail of being happy, both here and hereafter. In the next place, pay every attention to the wishes of your mother—she is justly entitled to all your duty, gratitude, and love; and should you live to attain your fourteenth year, remember I have left a paper for your perusal, containing all that love, experience, and anxious affection could dictate, in order to render you virtuous and happy.—On that day unseal it—then recollect this scene—this parting benediction—reflect often on the conscious pleasure you will then experience, if you can truly say ere you break the seal —“I have not as yet disappointed my father’s anxious hopes—my mother’s fond affections.” —Treasure up the precepts therein contained—and remember, they were penned by a father—by a father who loved you with all a father’s fondness, and who was alike anxious for your present and eternal welfare :—remember

all this my boy—and as you grow in years, observe my dying words—my last expiring command—be indeed a son to your widowed mother.”

“ And you, my child ! my beloved Adelaide ! a little older than my boy in years, but equally instructed, and of equal promise ; receive the parting blessing of him, who for many years has loved you with an affection, truly paternal—and who has watched with all a parent’s anxious joy, the generous sentiments of your glowing bosom, ripening into virtues of the most exalted nature. Continue then my beloved child, to persevere through the whole of your future life in the precepts we have taught you : never for a moment forget them. And as you love us, justify our hopes.—Let it be engraven on your heart—to fear God—reverence virtue—respect yourself : and then, my love, we shall be amply repaid for every solicitude, or attention we have ever shewn you.—Love
your

your benefactress as a mother—contribute all in your power to her comfort—observe her future instructions, and be indeed unto her a daughter.”

“ My beloved Georgiana! one more embrace! Do not weep my love—your tears unman me!—and to see you thus, destroys my fortitude.—We do not part for ever—a very short period reunites us again in heaven—never more to separate:—Remember this my love—and—that inordinate grief, offends our Maker. God in heaven bless you!—and now! see with what satisfaction a CHRISTIAN can resign the world!—Remember me to all our friends:—most affectionately—most gratefully to Sir John, and Lady Griffiths. My children! God bless you both! Adieu!—Fare—well!”—the last words trembled, and died upon his lips, as his soul, freed from her earthly confinement, soared to the glorious mansions of eternal rest.

Scarcely was he cold, when his worthy friends, Sir John and Lady Griffiths arrived. They had travelled post—but came too late to enjoy the melancholy satisfaction of bidding him a personal adieu!—though time enough to witness a scene, for which language has no words—nor description any power.

Sir John took upon himself the necessary orders relative to the funeral: and with his lady exerted every endeavour, and used every argument that religion, friendship, and the sincerest regard could dictate, to soothe the sorrows, and restore to some degree of composure, the lacerated bosom of their widowed friend, and her afflicted children.

The mortal remains of this virtuous, and truly pious teacher of christianity, were committed to the earth, with every decent solemnity and attention, that could add an awe to the momentous lessons of the grave.

His

His sorrowing widow—the nearly heart-broken Erasmus and Adelaide—his excellent friends Sir John and Lady Griffiths, with the chief persons in the county, and all the poor in the neighbourhood, attended the mournful procession to the church, where, for more than ten years, he had taught the sacred truths of the gospel as much by practice, as by precept; and with a boldness and fervour that reflected the highest lustre on the order to which he was an ornament, and which carried conviction to the minds of even the most sceptical of his hearers.

Here another scene of heart-rending woe took place between the widow and children of the deceased, when the ceremony was finished, and the vault about to be closed:—a scene which must be left to the sensibility of the reader to imagine, as language is wholly inadequate to the task of describing with appropriate effect, the distractions of

grief,

grief, though the heart can so exquisitely feel all their agonizing influence.

But the consolations of religion—the soothing attentions of friendly commiseration, and the ameliorating influence of time, at last subdued the violence of grief, and restored to the bosom of the principal sufferer, a degree of placid serenity, which disposes the heart to be grateful for the past, and resigned to the future.

In the mean time Sir John had settled all Inglebert's affairs—disposed of some things—arranged others in the best manner possible for the interest of the survivors—procured a very able instructor to continue the education of Erasmus (according to directions left in writing for that purpose) and, finally, persuaded Mrs. Inglebert to remove into the neighbourhood of Walton Park—where, until his age of fourteen, Erasmus prosecuted his studies with all the assiduity, advantage,

advantage, and success, that his father, had he lived, could have desired to witness.

And there likewise, the beautiful, unassuming Adelaide, improved in person, virtues, and accomplishments, beyond the expectations, and equal to the warmest wishes of even these the most zealous of her friends.

Erasmus, though superior to most of his age in strength and stature, as well as in knowledge; from his close application to study, (which he pursued with all his father's enthusiasm) and very little intercourse with any out of his own family, retained infinitely more of the innocence of childhood, than is ever met with in boys of equal attainments, who have been educated at public schools, or those formed in private, with the like advantage of talents and instruction, but who seldom experience an equal solicitude in the formation of their moral conduct.

This

This open rectitude of behaviour, procured him one advantage, which otherwise he would not have possessed—he enjoyed an unrestricted communication of pleasures, sentiments, and pursuits with his foster sister, the gentle Adelaide, which gave a softness, and polish to his manners; seldom acquired by those devoted to the investigation of science, and the necessary retirements of learning.

His mother considered him as yet too young to be apprehensive of his entertaining any sentiment beyond the affections of a brother, for this amiable, fascinating girl, whose every movement was elegance, and every expression the unadulterated effusions of a heart wholly without guile.

She was now in her sixteenth year—beautiful as an angel, and equally as innocent—with a mind and person calculated to adorn the highest situation society could advance her
to—

to—or participate the humblest, with cheerful resignation and content—for she alone was unconscious of the influence of her many and powerful attractions. And her every thought—word—and action were conceived, expressed, and performed with such unaffected simplicity and ease, that it were impossible to behold her without admiration, or daily to witness her conduct, without feeling the strongest pre-possession in her favor.

Mrs. Inglebert loved her with all the tenderness of a parent, and at this time, wished that Erasmus might hereafter equally feel the influence of her virtues, and be happy in the possession of her affections.

The day at last arrived on which Erasmus was to receive the packet designed by his father for the guidance of his future conduct—he rose early—watched with anxious impatience for Sir John Griffiths, who, as his guardian (jointly with his mother) was to deliver

deliver this invaluable bequest into his possession—recollected every solemn, agonizing particular, which had accompanied the awful injunctions of his dying father, when he communicated to him his desires relative to the packet—and the inquiry he was to make of his own heart, when about to receive it, with regard to his conduct—tortured himself with apprehensions he had failed in more than one instance—addressed himself in prayer to the Almighty for assistance to enable him to conduct himself agreeable to his father's instructions—and paced his room for hours—sometimes exulting, in the conscious rectitude of his heart—"I have not as yet disappointed my father's anxious hopes—my mother's fond affections"—and then again sunk in gloomy sadness, lest his mother or Sir John, should have any thing to charge him with, that had escaped his remembrance.

Sir John arrived.—A gentle tap at his door announced some one—his heart beat violently,

violently, his voice almost failed him—and he could scarcely summon sufficient strength to unlock his apartment. His mother entered his room—saw the disorder he was in—attributed it to its right cause—caught him to her throbbing heart—and with all the fervency a mother could express—blessed him as her only remaining happiness!—as her proudest hope!—At last he exclaimed—“And have I deserved all this my mother! have I then indeed fulfilled my father’s wishes.”—It was some time before either could again express themselves in words—but the countenance sufficiently spoke—and the maternal embrace amply supplied every other deficiency.—All for some minutes was rapture and agonizing joy!

The mother first recovered herself, and led Erasmus to Sir John, who gave into his charge this legacy of a dying parent, far dearer to him than millions of treasure—he received it on his knees, and before he broke
the

the seal, pressed it first to his heart, then to his lips—put up a mental prayer to the Throne of Grace, that he might never forfeit his present hopes—and at last, entered upon its contents.

Tears frequently obstructed his progress, and he was some time before he finished its perusal. He then rose—requested permission to retire with it for a few moments to his closet; and promised he would not be long absent. This was granted—and as soon as he found himself alone, and free from all observation but the presence of the omniscient God—he made a solemn vow, that in every future action of his life, the precepts of his now sainted parent, should stimulate him to the practice of every virtue, and upon all subsequent occasions, be his guide, to determine between him and others, what was strictly conformable to justice, honour, and divine appointment.

He

He returned to the breakfast parlour, and there found assembled—in addition to his mother and Sir John—Lady Griffiths, and the lovely Adelaide, who sweetly smiled through tears which added a brilliancy and expression to her countenance wholly irresistible. He again embraced his mother, and gave into her trembling hands the important papers.—Respectfully pressed to his heart, a hand of each of these inestimable friends of his late father—and at last approached the beautiful, and for the first time, confused Adelaide, who received his embrace with a diffidence and tremor she had hitherto never experienced.

Sir John received the papers from Mrs. Inglebert, with a request to read them aloud—which he immediately complied with;—all were sensibly affected, and at times, all were drowned in tears. They expressed, in language the most eloquent and impressive, all that piety, tenderness, and affection could

select to soothe, instruct, or induce the heart either to persevere in, or to seek the paths of rectitude and peace. It occasionally mentioned the names of all present, in terms so pathetic, affectionate, and grateful, that not one but what was pleased, improved, and rose in the estimation of each other from the sentiments, opinions and reflections expressed in these valuable papers: the contents of which, O reader, if thy patience is not already exhausted, thou wilt find detailed in some future chapter.

Breakfast employed but a very small portion of their time; yet the morning had escaped them long before they were sensible of its departure, having spent their hours in pleasing conversation upon a variety of topics, produced by the perusal of these papers.—

The day likewise passed with the utmost harmony and satisfaction to all parties; and when

when they separated for the night, it was with the most fervent gratitude to heaven, and the sincerest wishes for each others happiness.

A few months after these last events had taken place, Erasmus prepared for the University, agreeable to the directions expressed in his father's will, and consequently long known.—Yet the moment of separation was almost as bad, as though it had been wholly unexpected; and the Adieus! almost as sorrowful, as though whole oceans and kingdoms were about to intervene between their destinations.

The following vacation reunited this happy family in their former social bond of amity and love; though it did not exactly restore them to all their wonted felicity.—For the manly appearance Erasmus now began to make, and the swift approach of Adelaide to years of maturer knowledge, introduced

duced a degree of reserve, or more properly speaking, propriety, into her behaviour, which, though not taught in the frigid school of suspicious caution, gave a kind of restraint to their intercourse, they before were totally unconscious of; and like all trammels imposed upon the mind, destroyed some portion of the happiness they otherwise might have participated. But in the general intercourse of the world, these restraints are absolutely necessary to preserve the purity of innocence, from the designs of the unprincipled. And it can never be too sedulously inculcated, that a deviation from propriety of behaviour, is too generally followed by a deviation from moral rectitude—and a single departure from either, may lead to evils of the greatest magnitude.

Yet, when their evening parties drew around them, the social and delighted friends of both; and conversation flowed unrestricted by any thought, but the subject of inquiry;

quiry; and when those inquiries were designedly introduced to call forth and display their abilities, and therefore directed to the investigation of science, the knowledge of history, the productions of nature, the pleasures arising from the cultivation of the *Belles-lettres*, and the various intellectual gratifications which an extensive acquaintance with all that is excellent in literature can confer—Erasmus and Adelaide were not only happy in themselves, and each other, but defused by a kind of electrical chord, their own pleasures and happiness from bosom to bosom; and shone with a splendor seldom witnessed at so early an age.

Particularly Adelaide, whose taste and judgment were uncommonly correct, and greatly superior to the generality of her own sex, at even a much more advanced period of life.

Occasionally they were solicited to diversify conversation with music. Adelaide performed finely on the *piana forte*.—Erasmus accompanied her on the flute. She sung with equal taste, sweetness, and expression; and when the pathetic notes of Jackson flowed in dulcit softness from her untutored voice, particularly in his plaintive air of—“Encompassed in an angel’s form”—all hearts were enraptured; and Dryden’s line in his Ode to St. Cecilia, might, with very little violation of propriety, have been applied to the wonderful effect of her voice—

“He rais’d a mortal to the skies.”

“*She drew an angel down.*”

Such were Erasmus Inglebert, and the lovely Adelaide Faulkner: and such their happiness until the period we are now speaking of. The one just turned fifteen; the other within a few weeks of completing her eighteenth; but the difference of a year or two, how very

very unimportant to the heart, or affections
of those

Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or in the mind, or mind illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent heaven.

THOMPSON.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

To see the highest minds levelled with the meanest, may produce some solace to the consciousness of weakness, and some mortification to the pride of wisdom; but let it be remembered, that minds are not levelled in their powers, but when they are first levelled in their desires.

Dr. JOHNSON's Life of Dryden.

MRS. Inglebert had hitherto passed through life, without experiencing any of those torturing inquietudes, which, either for want of sufficient mental resolution, or a proper education, distract the bosoms of so large a portion of mankind:—inquietudes which, if carefully examined into, would be found to have their source more in our own misplaced

misplaced desires, follies, and prejudices;—or to raise out of the artificial distinctions of society, than from any inherent evil, incident to our nature.—So true it is, that in general—

“ Our own felicity we make or find.”

In early infancy, though greatly neglected by one parent, the unwearied solitudes, and affections of the other, more than compensated for the deficiency of maternal attention in this particular instance; for however the generality of mothers, may be better calculated to superintend the education of their daughters than the father, in those pursuits solely feminine;—yet Lady Orlington, even in this respect, could have afforded but little assistance, or imparted any knowledge beyond the important duties of the toilet—the etiquette of the drawing room—or the several gradations of precedence; though it must be admitted, in these necessary and fashionable

fashionable qualifications, her ladyship excelled most of her female competitors, and acknowledged no superior.

To a mind devoted to literary pursuits, and a heart ever ready to respect, cherish, and venerate virtue—the late Lord Orlington (the father of Mrs. Inglebert) united a disposition peculiarly formed for domestic bliss, and social harmony; though unfortunately he suffered the fascinations of beauty, to triumph over every intellectual consideration, when he selected the beautiful, but uninformed and vindictive Lady Georgiana Somerton, to be the partner of his future life.

Every advantage therefore that his lordship possessed, he had liberally communicated to his darling Georgiana; and every assistance that the fondest affection could procure, was sedulously sought, both to instruct, and render his beloved child happy.

Scorned

Scorned and neglected by her mother, she became more capable of appreciating the affections of her father, and consequently more attached to him; and during the whole of his life, paid the most chearful and implicit obedience to all his commands that a parent could desire.

His death she most severely felt, and ever sincerely mourned. Though his place was very soon after amply supplied by Inglebert, who possessed all his virtues, with even superior abilities. Those early principles therefore of religion, which his lordship had been so sedulous to inculcate, and by which he endeavoured to teach her, that one grand lesson of christian fortitude the basis of every other, and the only effectual security against the storms of adverse fortune—"a cheerful acquiescence in every dispensation of the Supreme Disposer of Events, as taught by the Gospel"—were by Inglebert enforced in so powerful, yet persuasive a manner, and

so exemplified in his own conduct, that resignation became an affection of the mind, rather than the performance of an arduous duty, submitted to, because inevitable.

Thus happy, in the affections and counsel of two such men as Lord Orlington her father, and Erasmus Inglebert her husband. The evils of life, like the destroying angel who smote the first-born of the Egyptians, but left the houses of the Israelites in perfect security, passed by her dwelling, without entering to wound or injure her peace, except in the before-mentioned instances, when these, the principal source from whence she derived her earthly felicity, were recalled to share the eternal joys of heaven.

Time and habit, which either alleviates or reconciles us to the various casualties of life, had restored to the bosom of Mrs. Inglebert, much of her former serenity—which is the
ever

ever certain reward of a virtuous resignation to the will of the Almighty.

Erasmus her son, resided wholly at Cambridge, except during vacations. The improvement therefore of the lovely Adelaide was now her chief employment and delight; and when she directed her studies, or sought an opportunity of impressing her mind with the importance and loveliness of virtue:—she reflected at the same time with all the rapture of a parent, and the exultation of gratified desire.—“I am even now providing a source of the purest felicity for my dearest boy, which I am sure he will hereafter acknowledge with gratitude.”—“Great God!” she would often mentally ejaculate, as she contemplated the exalted virtues and accomplishments of this beautiful, but deserted orphan.—“Great God! how infinite thy goodness! I enjoy a privilege greatly beyond the common lot of mothers. I have not only contributed my own endea-

vours to render my Erasmus all that pride, reason, or affection can wish him : but at the same time have had the exquisite happiness of educating for him a lovely girl, who as a virtuous and accomplished wife, will prove to him an inestimable treasure, and to me an ornament—a comfort to smooth the pillow of age, and solace the last moments of existence.”

But ah ! how little do we know our own hearts ! When we consider ourselves actuated by the best of principles, and intend firmly to adhere to what is right, some pleasing delusion presents itself, and fans into a flame a spark which may have long lain dormant within our breasts. We forget, for a moment, our former resolutions, our former principles—stop not to investigate the true motive of action—but plunge at once into a labyrinth, from which we seldom extricate ourselves, without finding we have been entangled,

tangled, almost without knowing how, in the mazy wiles of deceitful error.

Let not the man of wisdom, of cold passions, or stoical insensibility declare this to be a false or superficial picture of life:—or the heart naturally vicious that can thus deviate from rectitude. Look into the world—view the actions of mankind with an attentive eye, and how many daily and melancholy instances shall we behold, of those we have been accustomed to consider nearest the goal of perfection, by some one vice or folly, they thought themselves least liable to, destroying the reputation they have been years labouring to establish;—and who at one period of life—nay but a short moment before, might have exclaimed with the just indignation of affronted virtue, and in the words of Hazael—“But what! is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing,”

Nor let the presumptuous wretch, exulting in some successful act of villany, attempt an apology for the depravity of his conduct, by ascribing his actions to an irresistible or "*philosophical necessity*," as though he possessed not the power to be otherwise than vicious:—as though the God of virtue constrained him to be wicked.—IT IS FALSE!—IT IS IMPIOUS! Resolve to be virtuous!—apply to the fountain of All Good for succour—and be assured you will not supplicate in vain.

Erasmus was at his mother's preparing an entertainment to celebrate the sixteenth anniversary of his birth, when a circumstance wholly unexpected occurred, which occasioned the above reflections to be made, and produced an entire alteration in the long projected schemes of Mrs. Inglebert for the happiness of this her beloved son, and the beauteous Adelaide—the child of her own forming.

The

The following day was to be dedicated to the task of decorating a small temple in the garden—sacred to love and friendship.—Erasmus and Adelaide were just finishing some allegorical devices they had been painting; when a servant announced—‘Lord Orlington.’—Mrs. Inglebert was astonished.—She had never seen him since the baptism of Erasmus, for whom he had then stood sponsor; and for the last two years had but once heard from him.

His lordship entered, dressed in deep mourning, which he accounted for, by informing his sister he had just buried his lady.

He expressed some surprise at finding his nephew so much grown, who he declared aloud was really a very fine youth—tall and well proportioned. He had gracefully saluted his uncle on his entrance; as had also Adelaide. His lordship examined the person of

this lovely girl with much apparent scrutiny, which occasioned her some embarrassment—and at last in a whisper inquired—‘who is that elegant girl?’—Mrs. Inglebert looked full upon him and replied—‘Adelaide Faulkner, my lord.’—He turned pale—appeared extremely out of order—rose—attempted to go towards the window, near which she was seated—returned without approaching her—and again whispered something to his sister;—who soon after retired with him to her study.

Here we shall leave them to their conference, in order properly to account for this visit.

Lord Orlington when we last noticed, had expressed an intention of making the tour of the Continent. This intention about twelve months afterwards his lordship carried into effect; and during his absence, became enamoured of a charming girl, the daughter
of

of a general officer, who was the younger brother of the then Marchioness of ——— whose Lord, from his ministerial situation, had promoted this brother (among others of her male relatives) to the command, he was then proceeding to America in order to assume in the army. His pay was nearly the whole of his income—and the fortune which his daughter could alone expect, was her mother's jointure, which previous to her marriage had been settled upon her children, and she dying in giving birth to this their only child—the father was thereby prevented from disposing of a property, which otherwise would long before have been squandered at the gaming table.—This amounted to no more than 1500l.—Therefore when Lord Orlington declared himself a candidate for her regard, and hinted that fortune would not be any consideration with him:—the father exerted all his influence, and at last prevailed upon his daughter to accept his lordship's offer.—This she at last consented
to,

to, though her affections had been previously engaged to a deserving young officer, the *Aide de Camp* of her father.

These circumstances took place about eighteen months after the marriage of Inglebert with Miss Orlington—and occasioned his lordship's return to England, where his lady in due course of time, presented him with a lovely girl—the only child they ever had to live.

They resided but very little in England, owing to the extreme ill health of Lady Orlington, whose peace of mind very soon after her marriage was most unhappily destroyed by the fatal rashness of her former lover, the officer before mentioned, who upon receiving the account of her having consented to change her name and situation; in a paroxysm of distraction, wrote her a letter, reproaching her conduct in the most severe terms, and declaring—that tired of
life,

life, and having nothing now to hope, he had made up his mind to seek death from the hands of the enemies of his country; and wherever the battle raged the fiercest, there he should rush, to gain glory, and terminate an existence now inexpressibly wretched.

This determination he too faithfully fulfilled—for on the following day to that on which he had written his letter, an engagement took place, in which he had a command, and consequently an opportunity of distinguishing himself, which he did in a most wonderful manner, performing prodigies of valour—though at last, he met the death, he so eagerly coveted.

The melancholy particulars reached her during her first confinement which it protracted, and from which she never perfectly recovered, but lingered some years in a decline, and at last fell a sacrifice to mental afflictions

afflictions she dared not reveal, nor could she forget.

This last event had brought Lord Orlington again to England, but he brought with him a body almost worn out by excess on one hand, and sickness on the other—with a mind a prey to a thousand torturing inquietudes occasioned by that obtrusive monitor CONSCIENCE—who represented to his mind a long, black, catalogue of follies—vices—and crimes, unatoned and unrepented of—from the recollection of which, he endeavoured to take refuge in the bustle of the political world, and a multiplicity of new considerations, in the forlorn hope of excluding unpleasant ideas, by the admission of projects, from which he flattered himself he might derive a consequence, and procure advantages he could never yet personally obtain, though in possession of a fortune of more than 60,000*l.* per annum, with
a borough

a borough influence, equal to that of any peer in the kingdom.

He had no hopes now of an heir to inherit this property, nor any desire at present to enter again the temple of hymen.—A few days before he paid his sister the visit we are now speaking of, he had dined in company with several of the heads of the University of Cambridge. The conversation turned upon the very great applause then lately obtained by a distinguished orator of the House of Commons in consequence of a celebrated trial, which had in a superior degree called forth his abilities to public notice;—this occasioned the name of Erasmus Inglebert to be mentioned by Dr. Pearson, as a youth of very great promise, and one who bid fair very shortly of becoming a first rate orator—with a further remark of—“I believe my lord he is in some degree related to your family: is he not?”—His lordship replied in the affirmative—
rubbed

rubbed his hands together—declared himself possessed with a sudden thought—shook hands with Dr. Pearson—thanked him for mentioning the subject—and immediately determined upon visiting his sister:—This was the situation of affairs when we left his lordship and Mrs. Inglebert closeted. We will now return to the subject of their conference.

As soon as Mrs. Inglebert had fastened the door of her study, and his lordship found they were perfectly free from interruption, he reiterated nearly the same question he had last put to his sister before they quitted the parlour, and which was—“But, are you confident she does not know me to be her father?”

“No, my lord! I have already said she does not.—She is totally unacquainted with the particulars of her birth, further than—that the attachment of her parents to each other,

other, had been carried on without the knowledge, or concurrence of the friends of either family—that her father was an officer in the army, and an intimate friend of the late Lord Orlington, who had entertained a very sincere regard for him—that her mother's family and connexions remained wholly unknown, as she expired soon after giving her birth;—that her father went abroad, and had never once, in the last seventeen years, made any inquiries after her.”

“Thus you find, Charles, without actually departing from the truth in any one particular, I have concealed every thing you could desire, and yet sufficiently informed Adelaide upon the subject to satisfy the natural curiosity of a child, anxious to know the authors of her existence;—though she has sometimes renewed inquiries which have both pained, and extremely perplexed me to answer, yet I have hitherto been successful enough, either to evade a direct reply, or

to give such as to her—wholly unsuspecting—appeared satisfactory.”

“How long then has she resided with you?”

“From the time of our first settling in Devonshire.”

“Indeed! Why I did not see her when I was there at the christening of Erasmus.—How was that?”

“No brother! you did not, and simply from this cause: both Mr. Inglebert and myself had then become very much attached to her—so much so, that the very thought of parting with her, pained us. The particulars of her birth, and the conditions you annexed to the provision you made for her, I had imparted to my Inglebert soon after our marriage; we well knew your changeable disposition, and that you was but half reconciled

reconciled to our union—we were therefore extremely apprehensive if you had then known our intentions with regard to this sweet girl, you might in some degree have interposed, either to have wholly separated her from us, or to have revoked the deed in her favour, under the pretence of my having divulged the secret of her birth.”

“ Strange infatuation! But pray what were the intentions you had formed relative to this girl, and of which I were to be kept ignorant?”

“ Nothing more, than to educate her with every possible care and advantage; and in the strictest principles of religion—virtue—and honor—in order to ascertain the truth of Mr. Locke’s principle—that education and example form the character—that mankind are virtuous, or vicious, accordingly as their pursuits are directed by the early precepts of truth and virtue—or seduced by the

blandishments of vice. And in hopes of making her some recompense for the injury you had done her, by preventing, if possible, her ever experiencing the unmerited disgrace which so generally attaches to illegitimacy.

“ Had she found no protectors either natural, relative, or otherwise, her birth would have been suspected—the sure prelude to being known—and being suspected would very soon have been sought after, discovered, exposed, and villified. We therefore agreed to account for her residence with us in the manner before mentioned, as being most consonant with truth, and containing some reason for our partiality. And amply has the dear child repaid us for all our care: yet believe me brother—her beauty is the least of her recommendations—she is infinitely more accomplished in mind than person—and as virtuous, as the nature of mortality will admit.”

“ Pshaw !

“ Pshaw! I did not ask you for a panegyric on the girl's *virtues*—I only wanted to know your motive for taking her to reside with you, or your views in thus bestowing upon her an education at once useless, and expensive—unless you entertain the ridiculous design of marrying her to your son.”—

“ And suppose, my lord, I did entertain such a design, what is there in it so very absurd?—Where could he select a person more beautiful—a mind more accomplished—or a heart more replete with every virtue that can adorn, or add dignity to human nature?—Or find an object so calculated in every respect to promote genuine happiness.”—

“ Very fine madam—very fine.—So then you still retain the same romantic ideas—the same sublime notions of—“ All for love, or the world well lost.”—as when at twenty

you refused the chance of being a dutchess—for that of the paltry situation of a parson's wife—and I much fear you have infused the like groveling ideas into the mind of my nephew.—That is the consequence of educating boys in the nursery, instead of the world—they learn a set of antiquated foolish habits, they cannot so easily get rid of, and which, though they may possess natural abilities, impede their progress in the attainment of the superior advantages of life.—But, act as you please—give him as a wife the bastard child of a country shop-keeper's daughter—let him come into the world with this noble appendage to his consequence—and let us see how sedulously all ranks will seek his acquaintance.”

“ But I did not come here to discuss so ridiculous a point. If you can condescend so far, as for once to attend a moment to a subject more upon a level with common apprehensions, I have a proposition to make, which

which may hereafter prove extremely beneficial to your son. In a few words then, I have at present no male issue—and should I leave none at my death, the title will descend to Erasmus, though with it no more fortune than about 2000*l.* per annum. The whole of what he may inherit in right of his father and yourself, cannot much exceed the like sum—therefore supposing him immediately to succeed to the title, and the entailed estate; he would not have more (if so much) than 4000*l.* per annum, to support the whole establishment of a peer:—a very trifling pittance indeed for such a purpose, when it is considered he may possibly hereafter have a large family to provide for out of it.”

“Now the proposition I have to make is this—my Henrietta will be fourteen in a month or two.—Erasmus I think you say will be sixteen to-morrow.—If then you will exert your influence and endeavours, in order to bring about an union between him and
his

his cousin, I will undertake not to marry again—will settle upon them and their issue, the whole of my property, which amounts to nearly 70,000*l.* per annum—and as I very shortly expect the superior title of an earldom, will take care that the grant shall extend after my death to Erasmus—will immediately upon his coming of age bring him into parliament—and in order to enable him to appear there, and in the world with credit as my nephew, will instantly agree to allow him 1000*l.* per annum.”

“ On the contrary, if this is not instantly acceded to—I will again marry—may possibly have an heir—will not leave a shilling to Erasmus I can legally dispose of—nor in that case ever hold intercourse with either of you after to day—and will revoke the deed I formerly made in favor of Adelaide.—This I am determined upon.—Though in case my offer is accepted, I shall expect Erasmus in the course of a few months to
begin

begin the tour of Europe, which will not only compleat his education, and give him some additional consequence in the eyes of mankind, but be the means of detaching his affections—should he fancy himself already in love with this fair syren—from an object altogether so very improper to engage the serious attention of a young man with such promising expectations, as Erasmus will then have in view.—Now, sister, I wait your answer.—Are we to be friends or strangers.—Are we to have the happiness of uniting our children, preserving every thing in the family—and thereby more permanently establish the splendor of our house. Or are we to live in enmity and estranged from each other.—Remember before you decide, that honors and advantages now wait the acceptance of your son, he can never otherwise hope to obtain; and for the loss of which, he may hereafter reproach *you*.—I have now done. It is for you to determine the future.”

Had

Had Mrs. Inglebert been alone concerned—or had it been a matter upon which her own judgment and feelings could have been exercised without her decision being hereafter to be called in question by her son—she would not have hesitated one moment to have rejected the whole—but the fame—reputation—and fortune of her darling boy—the rank he would then hold in society, and the happiness of his future life, were now all at stake; and she was apprehensive, a young man like Erasmus—however virtuous or well inclined, might be tempted at some future period to repine at being deprived of advantages, the *many* are inclined to estimate so greatly beyond their intrinsic value.—Though it must be here acknowledged, the desire so common to parents, to witness a beloved child elevated to the most distinguished situations in the state, did in some degree influence her mind, when she requested her brother to remain with them
for

for a few days, and to allow her that time to consider his proposal.

This, after some further conversation, was acceded to; and they returned to the dining parlour together apparently in good spirits. —When the party got a little better acquainted, and conversation became more general—Adelaide was induced, from an observation of Erasmus, to hazard a few remarks, which were delivered in such a beautiful simplicity of stile, and with such genuine unaffected goodness of heart, that Mrs. Inglebert most sensibly felt how great the sacrifice would be, to resign at once, all her long cherished hopes in favor of this amiable girl.

Lord Orlington apparently paid but little attention to any one but his nephew, whom he questioned with regard to his scholastic acquirements, and soon found himself unable to comprehend the great variety of knowledge

—or

—or to follow, much more lead, the several animated discussions, Erasmus—supposing his uncle attending to him with satisfaction—now entered upon.

At last his lordship inquired if he was conversant with the works of Shakespear.—O yes! he had read all his plays, could read them again and again, and upon every repetition discover some additional beauty that had before escaped his attention. Did he recollect Henry the Fifth's address to his army at the siege of Harfleur?—Perfectly well. Could he recite it?—Certainly, if his uncle wished it, or thought he should derive a pleasure, simply from the language and sentiments of the poet: though otherwise he was apprehensive he should not do the speech sufficient justice, as he had no criterion to form his own judgment upon, never having seen the play performed;—he therefore might not have a correct conception of the noble heroism which dilated the breast of the monarch,

arch, when he sought to inspire his army with the like degree of determined intrepidity as he felt himself.—But he would endeavour to do his best.

This he immediately did with all the energetic ardor, the subject is so admirably calculated to awaken in the breast of a British youth; and with such spirited boldness, that even the torpid feelings of his uncle caught a momentary blaze of enthusiasm, and for the first time were inspired with a something like the courage of an Englishman, which he expressed, by applauding the youthful orator in terms of the utmost extravagance.

Erasmus, as soon as this applause had subsided, observed, that—much as he admired this speech—he thought the one addressed by the same character to his father upon his being chided for assuming the crown before it had justly become his right, still more beautiful:—but the passages

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which he most admired, and had perused the oftenest, were the reflections of Henry the Sixth upon being informed of his son's death;—and the appeal of Prince Arthur to the feelings and humanity of Hubert (in King John) when the latter was about to have deprived him of sight. These he thought infinitely superior to either of the others, and both master-pieces of the pathetic, scarcely exceeded by his own pen (except in some few instances in Lear) and unequalled by any other writer.

These he was likewise requested to recite, which he did with such appropriate feeling and expression, as drew tears from his uncle, who had never shed one either of grief or joy, since the death of the poor, unfortunate mother of the fair Adelaide.

His lordship felt delighted, for he was inclined to think the time at no very great distance when having brought Erasmus into parliament,

parliament, he should be enabled to effect a favorite object he had in view, and which was, the obtaining of an official situation his ambition now sighed for, as the ultimatum of happiness — To the eloquence of Erasmus, he looked forward as the means of insuring him this, notwithstanding his own indirect overtures had lately been passed over, without their experiencing that success he had expected:—though an additional title had been hinted as awaiting his acceptance.

This last offer his lordship now determined at all events to enforce, and to have the title extended to his nephew and his heirs, without supposing it possible, if left to his own decision, that Erasmus could reject such glittering appendages, for which thousands sigh in vain.

His lordship was therefore in high spirits, and in great good humour with all but Adelaide, who he still feared might have

some hold on the affections of so romantic a youth, as he supposed—from his being educated at home with his mother—Erasmus must needs be.—Yet to counteract this, he conceived nothing more necessary than to divert his attention by absence in the first instance, and ambition in the next. And his lordship's intentions now were, to accelerate his nephew's departure as much as possible,—and then as soon as opportunity would permit, to join him, with his daughter, either in Italy or Germany—to introduce them there to each other, and by degrees disclose his further views.

During the time his lordship was revolving these schemes in his mind, and his attention otherwise engrossed by his nephew, Mrs. Inglebert held some conversation with Adelaide, who she earnestly requested to exert every native charm and accomplishment, to conciliate the good opinion of Lord Orlington. This the lovely girl several times

times attempted, though with little success, for his lordship appeared evidently embarrassed and out of humour the moment she addressed any conversation particularly to him, which he either declined answering, or replied to, in such an hasty, captious manner, as soon disconcerted the timid unassuming Adelaide, and greatly perplexed Erasmus, whose highest gratification it was to witness the attention and applause bestowed upon his foster sister by all his mother's friends.

The following day was devoted to festivity and glee, all now except Mrs. Inglebert and her brother appeared perfectly happy; for his lordship had abated somewhat of his haughty repulsive manner to Adelaide, and continued equally to court the favor of his nephew.— This so highly gratified Erasmus and tranquillized Adelaide, that both enjoyed as much happiness as human beings can possibly participate on earth.

Among the company present, were Sir

x 3

John

John and Lady Griffiths, who still felt as lively an interest in the happiness of Mrs. Inglebert and her family, as when they first exerted their endeavours to promote her union with their departed friend Inglebert.— They were surprised to find Lord Orlington there, and still more so, when they were informed of the object of his visit.

They could not deny but that the proposal appeared both generous and highly advantageous to the future interests of Erasmus, who they thought should be left to decide hereafter for himself. In the mean time they could not state any reasonable objection to his making the tour of Europe, as he could be attended by his present preceptor, a man of the strictest moral principles, unblemished conduct, and extensive knowledge; joined to an acquaintance with the laws, customs, and manners of most of the European states, having passed several years in the like situation, before he undertook the
trust

trust he had now for five years so ably discharged.—And should Erasmus upon his return be insensible to the attractions of his cousin, and remain uninfluenced by the powerful considerations of rank, fortune, and consequence, it would then be time enough to express an acquiescence with his desires, should they lead him to appreciate the modest merit—elegant accomplishments—and amiable virtues—which so greatly distinguished this charming girl, and rendered her superior to most others of her sex.

It was therefore agreed that in the course of three or four months his departure should take place, which was accordingly communicated to his uncle.—This so highly pleased his lordship that he quitted them the following day to make his arrangements, and to attend some political affairs then in agitation of very great moment, and in which his parliamentary influence was of infinite importance to the party in power.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by Summer, cease to sing;
Ye trees that fade, when Autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?

POPE.

THE hastening approach of this intended separation, saddened the hours of Erasmus, and defused an air of pensive melancholy over the features of Adelaide; yet strange as it may appear, no expression beyond that of fraternal regard had escaped the lips of Erasmus—though the fascinating Adelaide was the enchantment of his life, and her applause—joined to the legacy his father had left him in the papers already mentioned, the magnet

net which impelled him to the acquirement of every advantage of science, and every exalted principle of virtue.

Adelaide had several times thought him on the trembling edge of a declaration of more than brotherly affection, but she continually took refuge from such a subject, by requesting an explication of some phenomenon of nature, or some intricacy of science.—And this she so invariably practised for the first three months, that no opportunity was afforded him to say—“ Adelaide I love you !”

At last the day was fixed—it was now Thursday, and the following Tuesday was named for the commencement of his tour. Adelaide and himself were taking their accustomed evening's walk in the garden,—they had approached the temple, already mentioned, dedicated to “ love and friendship.”—Erasmus had for some seconds been silent—he now looked first at Adelaide, then
at

at the temple—sighed—repeated the look, and at last in a tremulous voice exclaimed—
“ Ah, Adelaide! how soon will the happiness I have so often in yon temple enjoyed with you, be over: perhaps never to return. Can the information I am expected to acquire in this separation, compensate for the wretchedness I must endure, when I can no longer personally communicate the sentiments of my heart—or participate the delights of your society and pleasing conversation? I am sure it cannot.—But it is intended for my good by the friends who love us both—I must therefore obey. Though Adelaide, before I see you again, you may perhaps meet with some one more deserving of your regard, and for whom you will renounce, will forget me—then I shall never be happy any more—then Adelaide I shall die of grief.”

Adelaide had remained silent during the whole of his observations, until the last,
which

which he expressed in accents so moving, and with a countenance, and a look, so expressive of anguish, that—unaccustomed to conceal a thought of her heart, or a feeling of her nature—she burst into tears. They both wept for some moments without uttering a word:—at last Adelaide assured him, no one should ever be so dear to her heart, as to lessen that affectionate regard, she had been taught by both their parents (and she never knew any other she said) to cherish for her beloved brother. She was now fearful she had expressed too much, for she felt her face and bosom glow with blushes.—She was alternately happy and miserable—pleased and sad—inclined to repulse his caresses, yet delighted to receive them: for they were the effusions of an heart she knew to be virtuous, and as delicately chaste, as the first address of Adam in a state of innocence, to the beautiful object of his sole affections.

A rustling

A rustling of the trees on one side the temple made them start—Adelaide ran forward—Erasmus followed.—They both looked around, fearful of meeting some eye who might have overheard their late discourse, and in consequence discovered the secret of their hearts; though neither had disclosed the full extent of the attachment each had long entertained for the other, almost without being sensible of its existence, until this apprehended separation awakened in their bosoms every tender emotion, and ascertained how very dear, each were to the affections of the other.

At last they discovered the cause of their late alarm—it was a young fawn, a favorite of Adelaide's, who having seen her mistress enter the garden—which on that side, adjoined the park:—endeavoured to join her through a part of the enclosure, formed only by a plantation of small shrubs, and which, after some struggle, she effected. She now came
bounding

bounding towards them, and experienced the caresses she was accustomed to receive, though her lovely mistress chided her for the alarm she had occasioned. Erasmus put her again into the park—and just as he was about to have renewed the subject of their late conversation, Mrs. Inglebert joined them; it was late, and but sufficient light to discern objects, their confusion therefore passed unnoticed—they mentioned the circumstance of the fawn having a little alarmed them, though not upon what account—and they all returned together to the house.

The evening appeared both long and tedious to Erasmus and Adelaide, who wished to be alone, to enjoy without interruption, the satisfaction they felt, in reflecting that the interest they took in the happiness of each other was reciprocally cherished.

But Adelaide when she came dispassionately to reflect upon the events of the even-

ing, and to look forward beyond the delusions of hope—could not but be sensible of the many causes which rendered any further indulgence of their passion extremely improper, if not on her part culpable.

The declaration of Erasmus, had broken as it were the charm which had hitherto concealed even from her own heart, the true nature of those sentiments she had so long suffered to engross entire possession of her thoughts. She had been accustomed to his society and conversation from her earliest remembrance—she had no companion in childhood but him—and no associate in her maturer years that engaged her affections like Erasmus:—he called himself her brother—he was that, and something still dearer:—and when as a sister she permitted and returned his caresses—existence had no superior joys.—His presence constituted her happiness—his absence was the grave of all her pleasure,

But

But now she was about to lose his society, and with it every gratification that rendered life desirable.—Nay she must not cherish the same affection for him she had hitherto been accustomed to express—nor permit him to suppose she entertained any greater regard for him, than was consistent with the views, his family might be anxious he should seek in the world.

She, was a destitute orphan—without friends—fortune—or connections; entirely dependent on the bounty of Mrs. Inglebert for support—(for she knew nothing of the provision made for her by Lord Orlington) and indebted to her fostering care for every advantage she could boast—and for every blessing she enjoyed.—And should she repay all this with treachery and ingratitude.—Should she encourage the attachment of this her only son, and be the means of disappointing perhaps every hope she may have formed for his establishment in life.—No! forbid it

honor.—Forbid it gratitude! Was he not the heir apparent of his uncle, with every expectation of his succeeding to the title—and would it not be expected he should marry some one of equal rank and fortune—whilst she—she did not even know the authors of her existence.

She then proceeded to blame herself for not having thought of all this before—and for the encouragement her foolish weakness in the temple had afforded him.—Besides, was not Erasmus younger than herself, and should she not have set him an example of greater self-command?—Would he not soon be engaged in very different pursuits, and mix with a great variety of characters, among whom he must meet females, endowed with much superior recommendations than any she could boast, united with rank and fortune as elevated, and as considerable as his own; and which most probably would obliterate the pre-possession he had now expressed

pressed in her favor.—Scarce had these ideas passed across her mind, when she recalled to her remembrance all his virtues—his abilities—the solidity of his understanding—the decisive firmness of his character (though so young)—and the benevolence which distinguished every action of his life. She then thought him worthy of every regard she could feel, and every praise she could utter.

These, and similar reflections had kept Adelaide awake the greatest part of the night, and she arose next morning extremely indisposed.

Not so Erasmus.—He had employed the greater part of the same time in the most delightful reveries of future felicity.

He had in idea returned to England—obtained his utmost wishes—was united to the beloved object of his dearest affections—and surrounded by his mother—a few select
Y 3 friends—

friends—his Adelaide—and a smiling family of lisping prattlers, passed smoothly down the current of existence, without the intervention of a single anxiety to disturb the serenity of this enchanting prospect.

He entered the breakfast parlour in the highest spirits—approached his Adelaide—who was there before him—with the most respectful tenderness—was about to have taken her hand, and to have expressed how happy her assurance, that she would continue to esteem and regard him though absent, had rendered him—when he observed she was evidently indisposed—his spirits vanished—he forgot his dreams of happiness—and was wretched—he anxiously inquired the cause.—She made light of it, attributed it to a slight head-ache—said she would go in search of his mother, and rose to leave the room.

There was a restraint—a coldness—an embarrassment in her manner, so totally different

ferent from her late frank and affectionate behaviour that it wounded his very soul.

As she rose to go, he stopt her—examined her countenance for a moment; and then in a voice that at once expressed tenderness and anguish—he entreated to know if he had offended her.

With as much firmness as she could assume, she replied—“No! She was only offended with herself.” “From what cause?”—She was silent—averted her face—and appeared desirous of leaving him. “Was the subject of his last night’s conversation any way connected with that sentiment?” “Yes!” “How so my Adelaide?—Speak my dearest sister, and do not keep me in such an agony of suspense.” “We were both wrong—though I was most to blame—forget every thing I then said or did—and promise, solemnly promise never to renew, under any pretence, a conversation which ought not to have

have taken place—regard me as a sister and *no more*—and then we may again converse—then may I again know peace,—or”—— She paused. “Or—what Adelaide! Why is this restraint necessary?—What is there wrong in the sentiment I expressed that should occasion this severe injunction. I will appeal to my mother—she shall entreat for me.”

Adelaide started—laid one hand upon his arm—summoned all her fortitude, and thus pointedly addressed him.

“Erasmus! that at present you regard me I believe—by that regard then—by your own happiness—and what is, I trust, of infinite more importance to us both—the peace and happiness of our common parent—never let her know the ungrateful return I have apparently made, for the benevolent protection she has afforded me from my earliest infancy.—O what a monster of ingratitude would

would she think me, did she suppose me capable of encouraging a sentiment so incompatible with the prospects she must have formed for your future establishment in life.—If you will promise me this—and that you will endeavour to exclude from your remembrance every recollection of my imprudent conduct last night, and to regard me *only* as a sister—I will then promise to retain for you the just affections becoming that relation—will remain with our mother, and contribute all in my power to her comfort during your absence.—But if you will not give me this assurance—I then declare by every thing I hold most sacred—I will quit for ever the protection I have so long enjoyed—this beloved parent whom I so truly revere—the habitation of my childhood—you—and every thing I hold dear in existence—though God knows what will then become of me—or who will receive a poor destitute orphan—but this I am determined upon—you shall never in that case know
what

what becomes of me—will”——“Stop, Adelaide!—stop—for God sake do not torture me to madness. Do not talk of leaving us—do not involve us all in wretchedness.—Where my beloved sister—where could you go—you are a stranger to the world—O may you ever remain so, to its miseries and its follies! I would not have supposed Adelaide could have thought thus—much less have agonized me by expressing it. I was happy—inexpressibly happy, a few minutes ago—but now—Oh! how miserable!” He stopped—he saw she was greatly affected, and could scarcely support herself. He knew not what to do. He was apprehensive she would faint: yet he could not call for assistance without afterwards accounting to his mother for her disorder. He at last got her to the window, which he opened, and the air revived her.

She acknowledged that her feelings had over-powered her strength; for that the idea
of

of forfeiting the esteem and regard of her more than parent, by a conduct apparently so treacherous and ungrateful, was indeed insupportable. She therefore again intreated he would endeavour to regard her only with the affections of a brother. This he declared was impossible—he might constrain his tongue to silence, though he could not so easily controul the affections of his heart.—But he promised he would endeavour to conform to all her wishes ;—and before Mrs. Inglebert came down to breakfast they were again the same affectionate friends as before their late conversation in the garden.

The day at last arrived that was destined for the departure of Erasmus—the day on which he was to quit for a long time, his own happy abode of peace and innocence—of affection and friendship—for the tumultuous pursuits and insincere professions of the great and busy world.

A scene

A scene now of the most affecting tenderness took place between him and Adelaide—in which he forgot all his prudent promises, and declared, neither time, absence, nor any views his friends might entertain of future aggrandisement, should ever obliterate her beloved idea from his heart.—His mother then joined them, and the parting became more agonizing than language has power to describe. Mrs. Inglebert promised to protect Adelaide—and Adelaide promised to guard, with unceasing affection and solicitude, the health and happiness of her beloved benefactress—and all three expressed the anxious hope that they might shortly be reunited, and return to each other with health unimpaired—and affections undiminished.

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